Vol. CXLIII. No. 1863.

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THE BYSTANDER August 9, 1939

The BYSTANDER

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Baden-Baden (Black Forest)— Brenner's Parkhotel.— Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.— Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Gastein.— Hotel des Kaiserhof.— First-class hotel, situated amidst own park.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel. 200 rooms. Thermal bath in hotel, garage. Pension from R.M. 10 up.

GERMANY—*continued*

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kur-park. 150 rms. 50 baths. Pension fr. R.M.11.

Cologne.—Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.— 100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. Htl., quiet sit. Inclusive terms from R.M. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Dir. pos. on River Elbe. Gdn., Pk., Terraces. Bar, Orch., Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

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Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pension from Mks. 9.

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Springs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. from Mks. 12.

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CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*continued*

GERMANY—*continued*

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.–(Four Seasons.) Select home of Society. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. fr. R.M. 12.

POLAND

Warsaw.—Hotel Bristol.—250 rooms. Every modern comfort. 90 priv. bathrooms. Garage. Restaurant. Dancing. Cocktail-Bar. Garden.

SWITZERLAND

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Lausanne.–Hôtel Meurice.–On the lake, 100 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage, Garden.

Lausanne.—Ouchy—Hotel Du Château.— First-class hotel in own park on the Lake. Room from Frs. 5 up. En pension from 12 up.

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SWITZERLAND—*continued*

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Oberhofen (Lake of Thun).–**Hotel Victoria.**– L'd'g in pos. and qual. Ev. com. P'k, B'th'g, Sail'g, Ten., Gar. W'kly arr'g'm'ts fr. Frs. 75.

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Thun.—Hotel Victoria - Baumgarten.—Cen. sum. hol. Terms fr. Frs. 15.50. F. Borter, prop.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—Leading htl. of the Jungfrau dist. offers you the most enjoyable sit. at the entrance to Swiss Nat. Exhibition. Open-air terrace con. with Restaurant & bar.

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No. 1860. Vol. CXLIII.

The Bystander

Swaebe

Beach Ride—Mrs. Anthony Stocker and Michael

Brown and chubby, blue-eyed, with dark curly hair, little Michael Stocker is a grand ten-months-old-worth of baby. He has several teeth, a staggering walk, a longing to push over his mother's Great Dane Barrie whenever they meet, but evidently no special liking for "horseback" riding. Mrs. Stocker was Peta Davis before she married, is the daughter of yachtsman Cyril Davis. Her husband, Captain Anthony Stocker, is in the 13/18th Hussars, has just gone to camp. The Stockers have been living at Brabourne in Kent, and Michael does his beachcombing at Dymchurch. In the autumn they are coming to live in London

Social Register

FIVE WEDDINGS

Miss Maude Lloyd and Mr. Gosling

Nigel Gosling, third son of Major W. S. Gosling and Lady Victoria Gosling, of Hassobury, Bishop's Stortford, and Maude Lloyd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Lloyd, of Capetown, were married at St. James's, Piccadilly, and are honeymooning in France. She is a dancer, well known in London, and especially at the Ballet Club. Two more Ballet Club dancers, Andrée Howard and Elisabeth Schooling, were among her bridesmaids

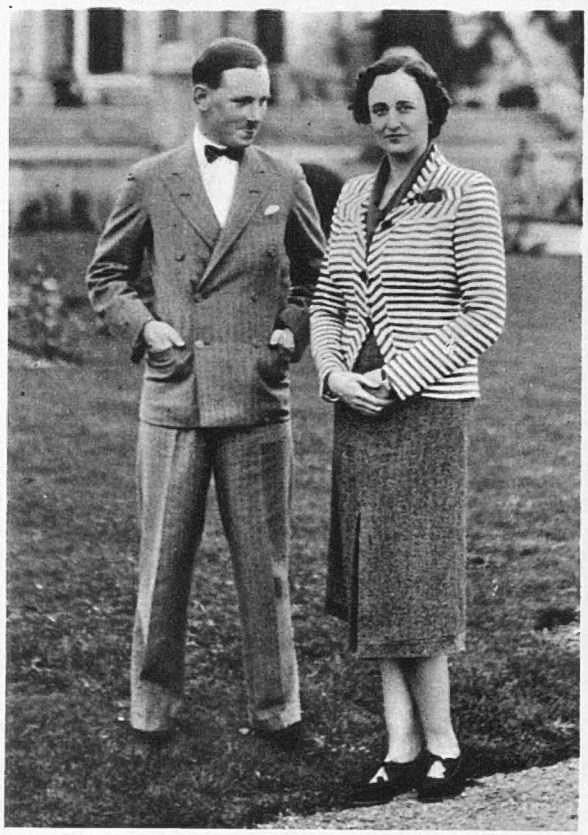
Mr. Finlay and Miss Bertie-Roberts

Kenneth Noel Finlay and Mary Eleanor Bertie-Roberts were married at Worcester Cathedral. He is the younger son of Dr. and Mrs. D. E. Finlay, of Wells Dene, Gloucester. She is the eldest daughter of the late Rev. R. H. Bertie-Roberts and the Hon. Mrs. Bertie-Roberts, of Battenhall Manor, Worcester, and niece of Lord Hampton

Flt.-Lt. Beresford and Miss Pamela Carter

Flt.-Lt. Tristram Barnard de la Poer Beresford, R.A.F., is the elder son of Tristram Beresford, K.C., of 40, Palace St., S.W.1, and the late Mrs. Beresford. Pamela Carter is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Herbert Carter, and Mrs. John Slessor, of Caversfield, Bicester, and stepdaughter of Group-Captain John Slessor. They were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and are honeymooning in France

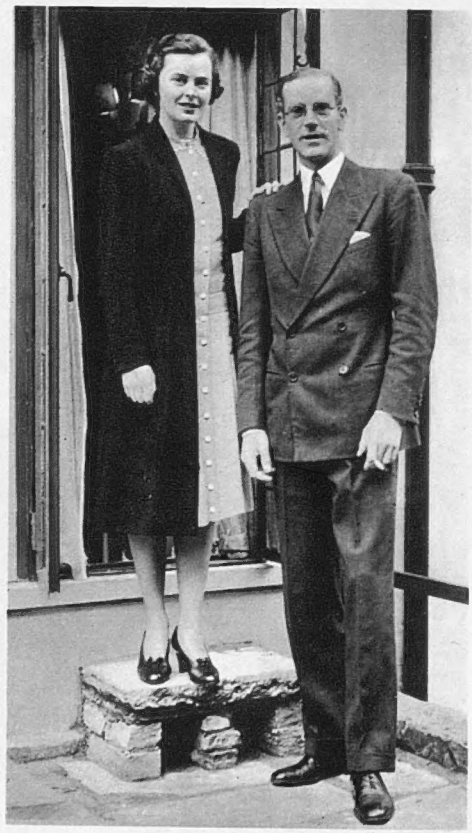
HONEYMOON COUPLE



The Earl and Countess of Devon

Lord and Lady Devon were married at Newbury ten days ago, and are honeymooning at Powderham Castle, his place near Exeter. He is the seventeenth Earl, succeeded in 1935, is twenty-three. She was Venetia Taylor, is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. V. Taylor, of North Aston Manor, Oxford, and Dunmore, Tarbert, Argyll, married the Earl of Cottenham in 1927, was divorced by him last month, has two daughters by her first marriage

ENGAGED COUPLE



Miss Hambro and Mr. Fuller

Christopher Fuller, Sir Gerard Fuller's brother, and Susan Hambro announced their engagement in June. She is the daughter of the late Major-General Sir Percival Hambro and Lady Hambro. He has a little house in Montpelier Row, and a country one near his brother at Corsham, in Wilts.

WEDDING HOST AND GUEST

The Duke of Norfolk an

The Duchess of Gloucester was one o wedding (see above, right), the other bein Besides the walnut clock which the Duk bride and bridegroom, the Duchess se own—a diamond initial clip. The Duk host afterwards at the enormous lunch

Mr. Llewellyn and Miss Bowes-Lyon

Ross Llewellyn and Caroline Anne Lindsay Bowes-Lyon were married at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square. He is the elder son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. E. H. Llewellyn, of Nethway House, South Devon. She is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Geoffrey Bowes-Lyon, of Valecourt, Colerne, Wilts.; her father is a cousin of the Queen. Next day her sister, Sarah Bowes-Lyon, announced her engagement to Peter Hugh Dudley Ryder

Mr. Colin Davidson and Lady Rachel Howard

Colin Davidson and Lady Rachel Howard, eldest sister of the Duke of Norfolk, had an enormous country wedding at St. Philip Néri, Arundel, with a reception at Arundel Castle, and then flew to the Continent for their honeymoon. Mr. Davidson is the son of the late Colonel Leslie Davidson, and Lady Theodora Davidson, nephew of the Earl of Albemarle, Clerk of the House of Lords. Lady Rachel Howard wore ivory satin and wonderful old family lace for veil and train; her bridesmaids were in Madonna blue. They were her sisters, Lady Katherine and Lady Winifrede Howard, Alethea Fitzalan-Howard, Jacqueline Maude, the Hon. Anne Keppel, Rosalind Cubitt. The two little pages were the Hon. Eric Drummond and Jonathan McCreery

e Duchess of Gloucester

e Royal guests at the Davidson-Howard teen Victoria Eugenie of Spain. d Duchess of Gloucester gave the dy Rachel Howard a present of her Norfolk gave his sister away, and was rty in the Baron's Hall at Arundel Castle

Lady Rachel Howard Had Bridesmaids in Blue, Two Kilted Pages

Admiral Sir Cyril Fuller was talking to Sir William P. Burton, whose 12-metre yacht Jenetta was a Scottish-built rival of Mr. Harold Vanderbilt's Vim. He also owns M.Y. Caletta, is Commodore of the Royal Harwich Y.C.

The Princess of Pless was with her Cowes host, Major Cyril Drummond. She and her husband were staying with the Drummonds on Penguin

Mr. David and Lady Joan Colville never miss Cowes, although he had to go back to London in the middle of the week. He is the Hon. George Colville's son

Top: Admiral of the Fleet Lord Orrery came over from Portsmouth, where he has been C.-in-C. for the past two years; and Lady Cork and Orrery came with him

The Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rhys were in the Squadron gardens on Cowes Sunday, she breaking the blue-and-white routine with a yellow coat and rust pleated skirt

Top: Lord and Lady Camrose also had Sunday tea at the Squadron, having come ashore from their big yacht Sona, anchored in Cowes Roads

The political quartet on the left, who came over from Bembridge, are Lady Gunston, Lt.-Col. Moore-Brabazon, Sir Derrick Gunston, M.P., and Mr. R. S. Hudson, M.P., none the worse for the brief storm that blew about his head two weeks ago after his German-loan talks with Herr Wohltat

Right: Sir Ralph and Lady Gore had been with Lord and Lady Camrose in Sona. They are staying in Bembridge

Lady Powerscourt came ashore at the Squadron steps with her son, the Hon. Mervyn Wingfield, and her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. FitzHerbert Wright. Mervyn Wingfield was racing in Mr. Glynn Terrell's Diadem on the Monday, but the weather was so strong that Diadem, like many others, had to give up

Mrs. Robert Laycock and Lady Isabel Guinness were landing to see Cowes from a firm-land point of view, as a change from sea-life in Mr. Loel Guinness's boat, Atlantis

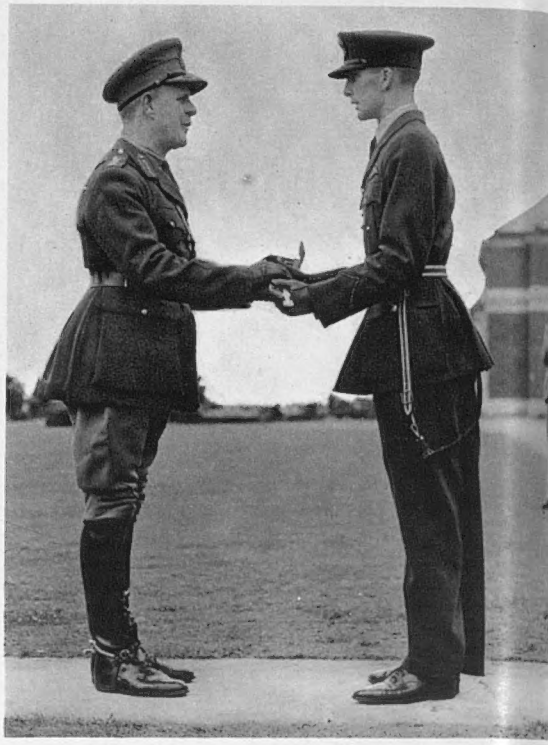
The trio here are Mrs. John Gretton and her husband and Lord Rossmore. John Gretton is a Squadron member, and so is his father, Colonel John Gretton, who had his St. Modwen at Cowes for the big week

Cowes Week

A Stormy Start for the Yachtsman's Ascot

Two things were missing from Cowes this year—the royal yacht and the Bank Holiday crowds on the first day of the Regatta. No seething stream of sightseers wandered and jostled as they usually do along the Parade and around the Squadron's exclusive walls. Otherwise all was as usual—myriad yachts, large and small, in the Roads, socialite groups on the Squadron lawns, shoppers filling Cowes' narrow streets and the local tills. Special interest centred round Harold Vanderbilt's new 12-metre Vim, which had come over in the President Roosevelt in June to compete in the English yacht-racing season. In the wild weather on the Monday, one life was lost when a boat sank in the rough water, there were dismastings and carryings away of sails, and many competitors had to give up. The photograph below shows the West Solent Restricted Class getting away in the Royal London Y.C. Regatta, a race won by Com. Bird's Harkaway

A new M.P. who took his seat last week was W. G. Hall, who has succeeded the late E. Marklew as Labour Member for Colne Valley. Mrs. Hall and their son and daughter went to the House with him. He increased the Labour majority by over 4000 votes, although the total poll was down by nearly 7000. There were five by-elections during July, in which two Unionists, two Socialists, and one Liberal were returned, none of these constituencies having changed its allegiance



***A double award** was made to Flight-Cadet Under-Officer Thomas Neville Stack by the R.A.F. College, Cranwell; he took the Sword of Honour as best all-round cadet, and the prize for highest marks in imperial and war studies. General Lord Gort, C.I.G.S., who made the passing-out inspection at the College, handed Stack his sword, and Stack's father, Capt. T. N. Stack, the test pilot, smiled at the news as he lay in a Birmingham hospital gravely injured from a crash*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THERE was some pretty skirmishing the other day in the House of Commons on the subject of Old Age Pensions. For some time now there has been a growing feeling in the country that the old are not getting a square deal, and the Socialists have been using it as a powerful weapon in their propaganda. Suddenly they got the notion that the P.M. intended to promise increased pensions as soon as a General Election was announced, and so to spike that gun they forced a full-dress debate. But the P.M. turned their flank by promising an enquiry and there the matter stands. Honours easy.

PARLIAMENT has risen, and the Prime Minister has resisted all the attempts of the Opposition to cajole him into the establishment of a Council of State, to tide over the two-months' holiday. Mr. Chamberlain thinks that any emergency measure in this direction would only give the nation a fit of the jitters. In effect, the P.M.'s argument is that everything is all right, and a Council of State, or even an arrangement for an occasional meeting of the House, would only worry the citizenry.

THE August holiday season is on us, and never before has a peace-time August seen Europe so full of armed men. The camps are crowded in every country, and every road echoes to the tramp of marching men, and every blast furnace is working overtime, and the British Navy is on the high seas at full strength. It is exactly a quarter of a century—almost to a day—since the Navy slipped away into the mists of the North Sea to take up its battle-station at Scapa Flow.

THERE are famous men alive to-day who are haunted by legends, and will be haunted by them to their dying day. I am prompted to record this platitude by the news that Admiral Sir William James, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, has been welcoming the reservists of the Reserve Fleet. For the gallant Admiral is the original of "Bubbles," just as General Dunsterville is "Stalky," and C. R. Milne, Esq., will be "Christopher Robin" all his life, and Sir Norman Angell will be, to all eternity, written down as the man who said war was impossible, which he never said. Truth seldom catches up with propaganda these days.

GENERAL IRONSIDE was generally tipped as the British military representative for the Moscow staff talks. But the tip fell down and General Heywood goes instead. Probably the fact that General Ironside commanded an anti-Bolshevik army at Archangel in 1918-1919 weighed in the balance against him.

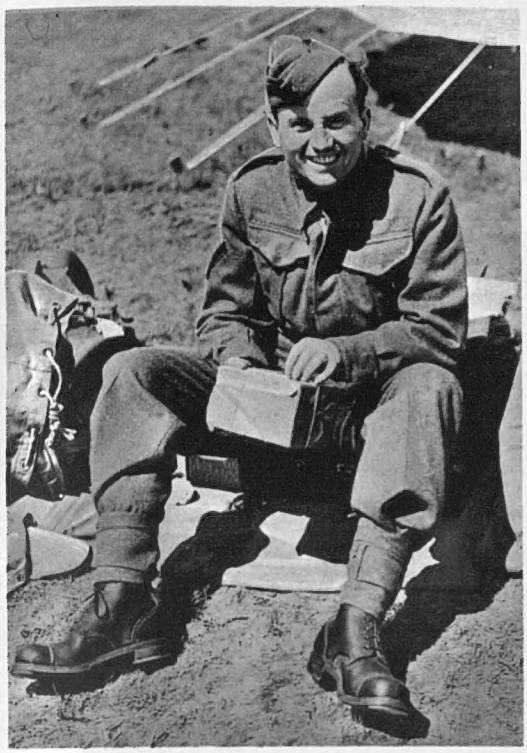
THE Czechoslovak army has been liquidated. Czech uniforms are now prohibited, and 24,000 Czech officers have been thrown on the streets. They will become, I suppose, cab-drivers and clerks and commissionaires. Some will become, I'm afraid, martyrs. But, anyway, all will be lost, temporarily, to the cause of Democracy.

I AGREE completely with Commander King-Hall when he writes "Whether or not Herr Hitler will attempt the great gamble [Danzig] is a question which, in my judgment, no one (including Herr Hitler) can give a reliable answer at this moment."

If there are two types of person which irritate me beyond words (or almost; I'm seldom actually beyond words), they are the type which says "War is inevitable," and the type which says, "There isn't the slightest possibility of a war."

All that any sane man or woman can say is "I don't know if there will be a war, and I hope there won't be. But just in case, I'm going to be prepared."

TALKING of the gallant commander, his latest supplement contains a delicious cartoon from the Paris *L'Ordre*. A fat, heavily-breeched, excited Nazi exclaims, "Je viens de recevoir une lettre anonyme qui m'annonce que je suis cocu," and his helpful chum replies, "Encore un coup de King-Hall."



A parcel from home was the cause of the smile on the face of the soldier—Private Frank Lawton, T.A., who is in camp at Burley, near Ringwood in the New Forest. His regiment is the Queen's Westminster Rifles, a unit especially adapted for men such as actors and stage-hands who work in the evenings. The sender of Lawton's parcel was his wife, Evelyn Laye

THE fashion of publishing news-letters seems to be on the increase. I've just been sent a specimen of a new one with the usual appeal for a subscription. This one differs from the others I 've seen so far in that it doesn't provide any news and it isn't written grammatically. It opens with this superb sentence, "Last week I hinted that what 'everybody' is thinking might be more near the truth as regards the gen. sit. than what a few almost too well-informed people are thinking at the centre of action." There 's red-hot news for you.

MESSRS. HAMISH HAMILTON have just published a remarkable book called *Beware of the English*. It is all about German anti-British propaganda. The violence of German invective against us is, according to this jolly little work, quite incredible. For instance, in Britain there are regular legal companies which buy and sell children on a fixed tariff; women in Lancashire cotton factories are so badly sweated that they have to be doped with opium; in Palestine we invariably blind Arab prisoners before murdering them. Nice, isn't it?

IT is one of the infallible signs of the approach of the Silly Season in Fleet Street when newspapers begin to fill their columns with letters about the names of public-houses. As soon as excitements in the Big World slacken off, an interested enquirer always pops up to say that someone has just told him that the Elephant and Castle is derived from the Infanta of Castile, and does anybody know of any more of them? And the fun, so to speak, begins.

I AM writing all this in the north of Scotland, whither I have come in search of a little sunshine after London's July. But Scotland's August so far is even worse. It rains and it rains and it rains out of a heavy grey sky, and Aberdeen's granite makes the whole scene more melancholy than ever. But no amount of bad weather can damp the spirits of Harry Gordon, Aberdeen's incomparable comedian, who gives his brilliant show every night at the Beach Pavilion.

THE British Medical Association, 2000 strong, met last week here in Aberdeen, and on my arrival in my home town I was plunged into a positive maelstrom of leeches. You couldn't move without bumping into a medico. (Incidentally, a relative of mine got a touch of 'flu while the Congress was at its height, but it was practically impossible to get a doctor for her. All 2000 were busy.) It gave Mr. Whatmore, producer and impresario at the Aberdeen His Majesty's, an opportunity to make a witty speech on the opening night of a brand-new play, *Primrose Path*. "Eight hundred doctors," said Mr. Whatmore, "are bringing this play into the world." I heard a comment in the foyer afterwards, "the best obstetrical speech I 've ever heard."

ABERDEENSHIRE'S County Cricket Club have a West Indian coloured professional called Alma Hunt. A few days ago this descendant of the immortal Quanko Samba brought off a feat which, so far as I know, has never been equalled in any class of cricket. Aberdeenshire were playing West Lothian. The latter made 48, Mr. Hunt taking seven wickets for 11. Aberdeenshire then went in and won by ten wickets, Mr. H. making the entire 49 off his own bat, his partner not scoring.

ONCE again a Scottish golf crowd disgraced itself at Prestwick when the final of the Scottish Amateur Championship was being played. One of the finalists was a local artisan, and his supporters turned up in their thousands and encouraged their hero in a boisterous way. The stewards were powerless to cope with the stampeding mobs. Almost all Scottish golf crowds are badly-behaved, and Prestwick is probably the worst of the lot.

A. D. LOCKE, the famous South African golfer, made hay of our champion, Dick Burton, in their seventy-two-hole challenge match the other day. Before that, he had trounced R. A. Whitcombe, the champion of last year. But Locke is not yet pleased with life. And he won't be until he has played and defeated Henry Cotton. For some reason or other, Cotton is not prepared to accept a challenge from Locke just now. Later on, perhaps, he may pick up the glove.

***Down to earth** after a day in the clouds came the Horse Guards barrage balloon, looming over Whitehall like a nightmare pachyderm, while a few hundred yards away under Big Ben they were listening to Sir John Anderson on civil defence. These "keep out" monsters have been up all over London recently, some suffering in English summer weather*

Lee Garmes

Anna Zinkeisen and Her Boxers

This is a new picture of Anna Zinkeisen taken in the studio of her home in St. Andrew's Place, Regent's Park. She is seen with sketches and a finished painting of her latest enthusiasm, boxers and their noble art. In her hand is a drawing of Armstrong, the negro boxer, behind is a scene of the Harvey-Nitram fight. Anna Zinkeisen, Mrs. Guy Heseltine in private life, is the younger of the two gifted Scottish sisters; she has a small and adoring daughter named Julia, while Doris Zinkeisen, Mrs. Graham Johnstone in private life, has three children, and lives two hundred yards north of Anna in Chester Terrace. Both sisters have colourful, decorative styles of work; but while Doris has found her gallery largely in the theatre, Anna's is in poster and illustration work. Paintings by both will be reproduced in colour in the *Bystander* Christmas Number this year

A chap who wants to know : Syd Walker

Morning exercises : Richard Murdoch and Arthur Askey

Irrepressible : Tommy Trinder

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Band Waggon" (Palladium)

IT would appear from a visit to *Band Waggon* that an intimate show need not, after all, be small. The greater, indeed, the intimacy, the more advisable a large theatre with no hole-and-corner atmosphere about it. As the old proverb says, there is safety in numbers. Great, these nights, is the intimacy at the Palladium. In the interval the chorus-girls invade the auditorium and hand you beers. This is immediately followed by jokes about the boys getting off with them. And before the night is out, the atmosphere becoming matier and matier, Mr. George Black's Young Ladies pay another visit to the stalls and invite the gentlemen to partner them up and down the aisles in the Beer Barrel Polka. Memories return of the old De Courville days at the Hippodrome, when the girls used to throw things at us and fish for us with fishing-rods. But this is the first time that contact has, so far as I remember, been actually established. Who says that the theatre is not progressing ?

THE stage invades the auditorium. The auditorium invades the stage. Tommy Trinder announces a sketch to be performed not by the players but by the public. Will two gentlemen and a lady kindly oblige ? After some hesitation, three daring spirits pluck up courage and mount the boards. What is the sketch to be ? Mr. Trinder explains that the task will be a simple one. All they have to do is to repeat the sketch that has just been played. In this sketch there was the sitting of ladies on gentlemen's knees. There was also osculation. Furthermore, there was removal of undergarments. To yells of delight from all in front, the amateurs are required manfully, and womanfully, to go through with it. Nor are the yells of delight confined to this particular item. All through this very rough and very ready show, there seemed to be a violent contest going on between the performers and the public as to which could make more noise. I waited in vain for some big-hearted chorus-girl to step down and hand me an aspirin.

THE jokes, fired off as from a machine-gun with merciless professional accuracy by Tommy Trinder, Arthur Askey, "Stinker" Murdoch and their mates, are fast and furious and quite gasp-making. They reminded me of a remark made by a gentleman about a young lady who had sat next to him at dinner : "An extraordinary young lady — so frank and outspoken she was ready to talk about anything—in fact, it was all I could do to get her to talk about anything else." At the Palladium it seems to be all they can do to make jokes about anything else. "I'll bring you down to my level — no trouble," cries Mr. Trinder after one of his unblushing sallies. And no trouble, with an audience gaping for more, does it seem to be. Now and again there is a moment of relief, as when it is asserted that "Television 'll never take the place of the old-fashioned keyhole," or when some gentleman arriving in the stalls after hours is received with the admonition : "You 're very late — have you brought a note ? " For which relief, much thanks.

And to think that it all started with the B.B.C. !

Sketches by Rouson

Adagio extraordinario : Karina, Vadio and Hertz

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

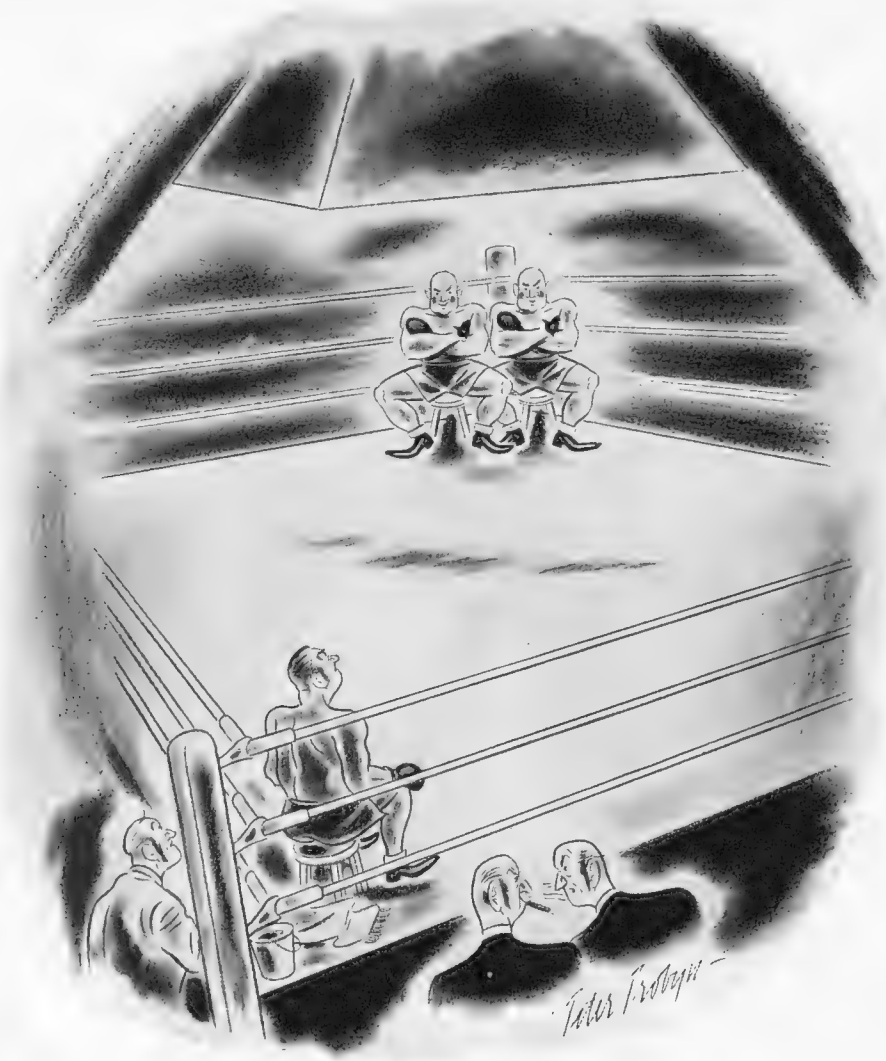
By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

JEST loung'n roun' en' sufferin', like Brer Tarrypin, we note that war is declared, at last, on Brer Rabbit, of whom the modern poet has observed with some truth—

> The rabbit has a charming face,
> His private life is a disgrace.

Lord Sempill's Prevention-of-Damage-by-Rabbits Bill having received the Royal Assent, the agricultural population will have to gird up its loins, banish all tender thoughts evoked by rabbits' faces, of near and dear ones, and devote itself doggedly to battling with the greatest scourge of the countryside. And if this were Germany, the anti-rabbit campaign would be thoroughly planned in every detail. Toyshops and confectioners would be forbidden to sell more velvet and chocolate bunnies, and their stocks would be confiscated. All editions of *Alice in Wonderland* and *Uncle Remus* would be called in by the Government and destroyed. The literary underworld and the P.E.N. Club would be combed by secret police and all suspects removed to a concentration-camp. So many of the booksy boys and girls look like, and have, the habits of rabbits that this would amount to a purge of even Stalinesque proportions. O, frabjous day.

Speaking of *Uncle Remus*, to which delicious work, so long forgotten, our meditations on Lord Sempill's Bill sent us again last week, it is odd how snugly and glove-like some of it fits the present international situation. Not that it 's difficult to find modern political figures in almost any wild animal book, and sometimes chaps discover clues where quite obviously none was intended—as, e.g., in that little story of Ferdinand the Bull, which swept America recently. But Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit and Brer Wolf and Brer Tarrypin and the rest, their intrigues and plots, bluffs and threats and double-crossings and over-reachings, seemed to us startlingly topical, symbolic and significant.



"Everywhere the battler goes his twin has to go too"

Scoop

IT seems fitting enough that Fleet Street should have its own folk-lore, and that the most exciting bit of that folk-lore should be the shoddiest kind of fantasy, without basis of any kind. We refer to the legend of Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street, which Mr. Willson Disher learnedly discussed the other day. There never was a demoniac Fleet Street barber who carved up his clients and either sold them for veal-pies or sent them down trap-doors into Fleet Ditch. The first mention of him is in a melodrama of the 1840's, and although at this moment an enterprising barber in the Street of Peradventure calls himself Sweeney Todd, we doubt if his razors are used for any but legitimate purposes (the more so because the L.C.C. recently forbade the use of human flesh in pies). Completely phoney, the original *affaire* Todd is, in fact, just one more front-page news-story, even more remote from truth than those other two bits of consecrated Fleet Street folk-lore, which impose on innocents from the Middle West—the one about Dr. Johnson's connection with the Cheshire Cheese, and the one about Tennyson's connection with the Cock.

It is curious how the mediocre and the bogus cling to Fleet Street. For centuries it has been part of the main stem of London's life and history, and practically everything recorded of it is insignificant, noisy or dubious. There is no historical proof, for example, of the story that Chaucer was fined for fighting a friar in Fleet Street. In the fifteenth century the students of the Inns of Court fought the citizens up and down the street for two days, and a similar riot later was quelled by archers stationed on the corner of Shoe Lane, where the glass *Daily Express* palazzo stands now. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there were recurring brawls. None of Johnson's biographers ever mentions the Cheese. The Cock which inspired Tennyson to *Will Waterproof's Monologue* was on the opposite side of the street, and has vanished. That restored seventeenth-century house, No. 17, may or may not contain the Council Chamber of the Duchy of Cornwall under Prince Henry, James I.'s son, as the tablet claims. We wouldn't know, and we can't help doubting the Street of Ink also. Observe that it misleads the public by pretending to be the G.H.Q. of British journalism. Only two of the national dailies have their offices in it.

Frolic

AMID the breezes of Scarborough, a resort as yet unvisited, but for ever dear to us since reading Osbert Sitwell's *Before the Bombardment*, a gallant attempt to get a half-Nelson on the grand opera convention was recently made when Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* was performed on an island stage in a lake, into which one of the singers plunged heroically in full song. The heroine, moreover, was dragged along a real hillside and over a property bridge and pushed into a real boat. The soldiers actually searched in real bushes for the hero. It was apparently admirable. *Et après?* If, while watching it, one could forget the perpetual grotesqueness of sung dialogue, one might say that the innovators had

conquered ; but could one ? The supreme test, in our deplorable view, would be Puccini's *Girl of the Golden West*, performed in the wide open spaces of Arizona by singing cowboys and saloon-keepers and toughs and molls and whatnots, with plenty of galloping and brusquerie. The cast would take some finding, but the experiment might be valuable, and we 're surprised that Hollywood hasn't yet tried it.

If, as seems possible, Covent Garden is doomed—and a nice lampoon on Mother London that will be. The only metropolis in the world without an opera-house !—Wembley or Rushmoor might take its place and begin a new era in grand opera production. Slogger Wagner's stage-directions for the *Ring*, which drive so many producers crazy, might then be carried out properly. Moreover, the Slogger's *fortissimi* would not be so shattering in the open air, a great boon to those who reel out of Covent Garden half deafened by the hideous racket.

Trip

With rather catty emphasis, the *Daily Express*, the temperamental little witch, has been dwelling recently on the cost of entertaining these foreign journalists who have been coming over as guests of the British Council, which is subsidised by the Government. The *Express* doesn't apparently object to the Council's entertaining Nordics, for it raised no squeal when the Norwegian and Finnish editors were here. It 's the Latins, the Spanish and Portuguese editors, whom the Shoe Lane boys don't want to have entertained—and how easily one could explain this, if it were worth the trouble ! How very, very easily ! However, it is certainly permissible, even for chaps without such sturdy moral upbringing as the *Express* boys have had, to ask oneself whether such picnics, regarded objectively and without prejudice, fulfil the Council's purpose of making " the life and thought of the British peoples " more widely known abroad. The visitors so far seem to have had in each case one slap-up City dinner, with the gold plate, a view of the principal sights of London (including newspaper-presses at work), a few receptions, a country-house visit or two, and that 's about all. What insight such a scramble gives anybody into British life and thought we can't imagine. On the other hand, it is axiomatic that if you give chaps a good time, they are apt to remember you kindly ; and if they 're writing-chaps, this will probably appear in their newspapers. And if it appears in their newspapers. . . . And if it appears in their newspapers it naturally influences public opinion of whatever country they belong to.

Readers of the more recondite works of Mr. H. G. Wells will remember that in a little-known fantasy called *Boon*, notable chiefly for the most brilliant and cruellest parody of a Henry James story in English letters, there is one otherwise blank page containing one single remark of this kind. Peering more closely, the reader perceives, far down the page, the words, " *Oh, God !* " in tiny type. Tiny, tiny, almost imperceptible type.

Monument

By way of a change, the Ministry of Health has just scheduled for preservation, as an historic monument, a group of almshouses at Rochester, designed in 1927 by the late Sir Guy Dawber, R.A., F.R.I.B.A., these being considered—we haven't lamped them ourselves, but we guess the experts know—outstanding examples of modern domestic architecture. Nor would we question the wisdom of this for more than an hour or two. It isn't as easy to pick out good modern architecture as it is to pick out good ancient architecture, there being nowadays such a whirl of styles and fashions and such a dreadful epidemic of mannered whimsy-whamsy and oogle-poogle that the air, so to speak, is not yet cleared. However, given that our ancestors (the Medievals especially) had something we haven't got and never will have, it 's still obvious that some of the modern boys are not doing so badly. We saw a two-story country house recently, with a wide, semi-circular sweep of convex façade which was completely charming, dignified, simple, and fitted to its setting. Your Victorian architect would have stuck up something spiky in red St. Pancras brick or fake half-timbering or Swiss rococo. A century before him it would have been fake-Palladian, probably neither good nor bad, and a century before that, of course, there would be very little to grumble at. No period in English domestic architecture, in our shrinking view, is so satisfying as the Jacobean or very early Augustan, and the curious thing is that even hairy rustic builders putting up quite small farmhouses in that period were susceptible to the same influences as the masters, and built with that same grave, recollected, balanced mellow beauty of brick and tile. Especially we praise these unknown hayseeds for their staircases, which are wide and shallow and graceful, with, in most cases, a tall, half-Palladian window at the bend, framing its vista of the countryside to perfection. Compare the mean and vicious mass-production of the builders who have succeeded them, and realise our rural shame.

It is difficult to believe that the Jacobean farmer, living in that kind of house, was entirely a clod, a chaw-bacon, a bumpkin, and a mucky twirp. You may come back at us with Herrick, damning and blasting his neighbours down in Devon, for a lot of odious louts ; but Herrick was after all a Cockney and a courtier in exile. He ought to have lived in the Bungalow Age, ho, ho.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Look—take away the forehead and the chin, and isn't that just Katie's sister ? "

Natasha Sobinova

Sobinova joined the company in the autumn of 1937, at the same time as Denisova. Like Denisova, she is Canadian, and was co-pupil with her at June Roper's school in Vancouver. Of her quality as a sensitive lyrical dancer and of her future Mr. Haskell writes at some length in his article

As One of Florestan's Sisters in "Aurora's Wedding"

Arnold Haskell

Photographs by Anthony

THE sixth annual season of the Russian Ballet (de Basil group) has just closed. From the point of view of the box-office, it has been a record. For the serious student of the dance, also, it has been of exceptional interest.

The amazing popularity of ballet and of neo-romanticism in its most banal form must be attributed to the desire to escape. Ballet is the last stronghold of theatrical illusion, which it is dangerously easy to enjoy in an uncritical frame of mind. When this begins, and I feel that it has, there is a lowering of values and eventually ballet finds its way to the music-hall, as it did in the past, until a Diaghileff or a de Basil acts Prince Charming and brings it back to life.

As far as execution is concerned, there is little to be desired. I will not review the whole company, but select certain notable cases.

Riabouchinska and Lichine have gone on from strength to strength. It is amazing how they have been able to give something new to *Jeux d'Enfants* and *Les Présages*, works created in 1932, the greatest creative period of the new ballet. There is never in their dancing the slightest trace of boredom.

Baronova at her best, in *Le Coq d'Or*, *Les Présages*, *Le Fils Prodigue*, has been brilliant, but in the classics she has seemed bored, and her first-class technical performances have given the illusion of routine, a failing that has never been hers previously. This is understandable. Baronova needs a Toumanova. Together they were supreme.

A great pleasure has been the progress of two of the most valuable members of the company, Jasinsky and Petroff. They have always been sound, now they have developed "attack." Jasinsky amazed me as Blue Bird and as Fate in *Les Présages*. In the six years I have known him he has never danced better.

Sono Osato, wonderfully graceful, has now begun to interpret and "attack." We have been seeing fulfilment after four years of promise.

Denisova continues to develop and her evident pleasure in dancing communicates itself to the audience. If her feet strengthen, and *she is not overworked*, she should, in a couple of years' time, provide Baronova with the rivalry that is indispensable to every dancer.

THE other young Canadian, Natasha Sobinova, I regard as exceptionally promising. Her young girl in *Concurrence* brought the role back to its original significance. She is sensitive to a degree, and she has that astonishing gift of becoming beautiful on the stage. Watch her in the *corps de ballet*, and she stands out for the rare lyrical quality of her movement.

I would not like to make any prediction as to her future. That sensitive type of artist needs the most careful handling, which I am not convinced that she can get in a large company of strong dancers. Her present development is due to the faith and nursing of Riabouchinska and Lichine. They have assumed the role of guardians

Roman Jasinsky

The Polish dancer had an outstanding success this season as the Blue Bird. Of him Mr. Haskell says, "In the six years I have known him he has never danced better"

In the "Aurora" Pas de Trois Again

In Lichine's "Protée"

on The Ballet

Need For a Firm Hand

of the young with conspicuous success. If they can continue to guide their "problem child," ballet will have not a new ballerina, but a lyrical dancer as personal and unusual as Riabouchinska herself.

From every other point of view the picture is less bright. *Le Fils Prodigue* alone gave one ray of hope. *Aurora's Wedding* was flat, *Petrouchka* just adequately done; of *Paganini* I have written. Its popular success is the most disquieting feature. It may mislead the management into viewing ballet as entertainment alone; the fault that Diaghileff avoided.

Verchinina excelled herself on the rare occasions she was shown, but how much will she be used in the future? She is highly creative, and it is urgent for her to be given an opportunity. Her amazing plastique is something altogether new in ballet, and it is the result of an unusual mind. The two together spell choregraphy.

The best performances of the season were in the early de Basil successes, *Jeux d'Enfants* and *Les Présages*.

What of de Basil himself? He alone has been responsible for revitalising ballet. He has been absent for two London seasons, but his work as a builder has remained intact. Unfortunately, the building has not continued, and the baroque ornamentation of *Paganini*, the new wallpaper provided for *Swan Lake*, detract, if anything, from the structure.

The time has come for a strong hand that can reconcile warring elements. There have been three periods of ballet since 1932: the first its renaissance; next the symphonic period; now it is the period of solicitors and conferences. The moment seems ripe for the return of the Colonel and the complete reorganisation of Russian ballet. I can see no other man of experience who commands the respect and confidence of all involved.

The present leaders have done their brilliant best in the interim, nothing must be allowed to detract from their merit. Clearly they saved this company when complete chaos was ahead. They restored confidence and gave a calm that is valuable for a certain time. I am not criticising them individually. Their trusteeship has been admirable. Should one emerge as sole ruler with a progressive æsthetic I shall rejoice. Ballet alone matters and not personalities, as so few balletomanes, who are nearly always partisans, ever realise. There are at present too many who have *a* say and no one who has *the* say.

After five years of struggle, Colonel de Basil made many false moves. A rest became imperative, but now the situation is different. Ballet needs a plan, the dancers require discipline in a much deeper sense than the regulation of stage behaviour. A de Basil is needed in the same way as a Churchill, and for a similar purpose. If the Colonel is available, and that "ass" the law, willing, he should be approached without delay.

Sono Osato

"Sono Osato, wonderfully graceful, has now begun to interpret and 'attack.'" Her most important part this season has been in Baronova's role in "Le Fils Prodigue." This action picture shows her in her small but remarkable solo in "Le Coq d'Or," in which she has also taken another Baronova role, as the Queen of Shemakkan

Films of the Day

Drinkers, Gold-diggers, Spies, Crooks

By George Campbell

"The Spy in Black," which went to the Odeon before Bank Holiday, puts Conrad Veidt in a sinister role not new to him—of a German spy. He operates in the Orkneys with submarines, but unluckily crosses the path of Valerie Hobson (at back). Reviewed here

"LUCKY NIGHT" introduces us to a Myrna Loy looking chic, charming and discontented. It seems the poor girl is in a spot. With a millionaire for a father and a handsome, charming admirer, she still longs for something she cannot quite define. "What's the matter, pal?" asks her puzzled but sympathetic parent. (They always talk man to man, see?) "Joe is a fine boy, fine athlete, comes of a fine family, drinks well . . ." Yes, she admits, Joe is swell; but still there is something missing. Excitement. Romance. She wants a man who stands on the bridge of a ship going somewhere. The men she knows are tame. She can even out-drink them.

All of which is pretty tough on a girl. Put over with the gallant smile that often goes with an aching heart, but perhaps more often in Myrna Loy and Bette Davis films than anywhere else, her plaint should give you a rough and inadequate idea of the sort of story *Lucky Night* is. Inadequate, because, compared with what comes later, these opening scenes are almost sordid in their realism and truth to nature. The heroine decides to show her independence by leaving home and supporting herself; while still uncommonly well dressed she is reduced to sitting in a park and diving unsuccessfully for a discarded cigarette; she strikes up a romantic friendship with the young man on the other end of the bench who beat her to the cigarette; she gambles and drinks and wins a limousine in a lottery, and drinks some more and has a lot of fun, and finally gets down to some really serious tippling with a man she can't out-drink. When she wakes up she's in a strange hotel beside the strange young man, married.

All of this is in the best dime magazine style, so familiar that, if it were treated normally, it would hardly call for comment. But *Lucky Night* is not normal. The story's subsequent twists, the frantic strivings for originality, the hero's prose-poetry and almost pathological passion for Fun, with a capital "F"—all this makes up such an orgy of whimsy and sentiment and adolescent psychology as even Hollywood at its pretentious worst has rarely given us. Good plots are hard to come by, and no man is to be blamed too bitterly for an occasional cliché. But it is not the clichés in *Lucky Night* that one complains of. It is something far more positively offensive—a constant straining for brilliance and artificiality quite inexplicable in writers as expert as Vincent Lawrence and Grover Jones and a director as experienced as Norman Taurog. Miss Loy, Mr. Taylor, and the others who have to put over such stuff deserve our sympathy. In fairness to them, suppose we all try to pretend it hasn't happened.

THREE of the new films are British, and two of them—*A Girl Must Live* and *The Spy in Black*—are pretty obviously going to be successful. *A Girl Must Live* is one of those lively, wise-cracking comedies seldom treated competently outside Hollywood. Here the treatment is competence itself. Frank Launder's script is quick and resourceful, with some first-class dialogue and really funny incident; and Carol Reed, who made his name with pictures like *Bank Holiday*, shows an instinct for farce tempo as well as as a sound sense of humour. We already make rather more than our share of farce in this country. I do hope this experiment will not mean that one of our few serious directors of talent will be lost to British screen drama.

A Girl Must Live is well acted all round. Margaret Lockwood, Lilli Palmer, and Renée Houston are charming as the three little gold-diggers who battle to the death for a lordling (Hugh Sinclair); George Robey makes a welcome reappearance as a rich provincial staring at every chorus girl with the mingled fear and fascination of a Buff Orpington confronted with an Anaconda; and Naunton Wayne's poker-faced pickpocket is a nice companion portrait to his cricket fan in *The Lady Vanishes*.

"A Girl Must Live" is a jolly English comedy in gold-digging, as an earl is chased by three chorus girls and won—of course—only by one. Renée Houston and Lilli Palmer are the unsuccessful diggers, Naunton Wayne is their victim in this scene. The film went to the New Gallery ten days ago; is reviewed here

"THE SPY IN BLACK" is wartime stuff, and in its way not unentertaining. It opens a bit unconvincingly, but livens up when the Germans start their dirty work in Scotland. On one of the Orkneys, near the British naval base, we find Valerie Hobson acting as a German agent while posing as a school teacher. To her comes Conrad Veidt, a U-boat commander, and through her he meets an English officer willing to betray his country. It wouldn't be fair to give away the plot, with its double- and treble-cross, so I will only say that it hangs together, and has moments of genuine tension and humour. Mr. Veidt brings distinction and authority to the role of the U-boat commander, Miss Hobson made me believe in the girl spy, and some of the minor roles are played admirably. Michael Powell, who made that delightful documentary, *The Edge of the World*, is a bit off his beat in this sort of thing, but does it better than most.

"THE SAINT IN LONDON," based on one of the Leslie Charteris stories, has all the essentials of a good thriller, except characterisation. The result is that though hero and heroine, comic friend and conspirators, go through all the motions of melodrama, it leaves you completely unmoved, for the simple reason that you don't believe a word of it. George Sanders is the phlegmatic and sartorially exquisite Saint, Sally Gray makes a lively heroine, and David Burns, as the American crook allied temporarily with virtue, confirms my suspicion that he is one of the best comedians in the business.

The Villa Mauresque stands on a choice part of Mediterranean coast, sequestered save for the lighthouse on the point

***The Seigneur du Mauresque** sits at his well-stocked desk, the fulcrum of the villa, and writes manuscript. He has newly drawn up an anthology of his short stories, which will be published this autumn*

The "Bystander" visits

Somerset Maugham at the Villa Mauresque

William Somerset Maugham, like Sir Max Beerbohm, is a refugee from England. He has an attractive property on the Mediterranean between Villefranche and Beaulieu, at the far end of the isle-like Cap Ferrat. Back in England he has a great reputation, a married daughter and a grandson, but he prefers to be sole lord of his estate and of his time. He spends most of the year at the Villa Mauresque, writing, entertaining, enjoying the very considerable fruits of his pungent pen. For pictures of life at the Villa Mauresque, turn over

***The stairs** up from the flagged hall have a Chinese décor*

***Contrasts** in the drawing-room are massive mantel, elegant French furniture, Chinese objets d'art*

***Twin beds** a furnishings figu*

Somerset Maugham at the

***Above stairs** are six diners: George Rylands, Count Sala, the host, Jacques Raindre, a hidden guest, and Gerald Huxton (back view)*

***Cocktail time** is very pleasant on the terrace at the Villa Mauresque: here Gerald Paxton, Maugham's secretary, pours drinks for Jacques Raindre and George ("Dadie") Rylands*

***Rare trees** and banks of flowers enhance the grounds*

simple, smart in the guest rooms

***In the dining-room** again, a Chinese chandelier presides over French décor*

***The patio** architecture gives a clue to the villa's name*

Villa Mauresque (continued)

***Below stairs** are also six diners: kitchen-maid, footman, cook, butler, housekeeper and chauffeur. They eat macaroni, capilotade de veau*

***The writing room** is light, book-lined and simple. This view is the exact reverse of the introductory picture on the first of these three pages*

***Over the threshold** is Maugham's cabbalistic sign (see the binding of his books)*

Photographs by

The Viscountess Mountgarret

Lady Mountgarret, Yorkshire wife of a Yorkshire landowner, was Eglantine Marie Elizabeth Christie before her 1931 marriage. Her father, W. L. Christie, owns Jervaulx Abbey, near Middleham; her husband owns nearly 15,000 acres in Yorkshire and Ireland, including Nidd Hall, near Ripley, Eagle Hall, near Pateley Bridge, and—his Irish place—Ballyconra, Kilkenny. His Viscounty is an Irish one, dating from 1550, but he sits in the House of Lords as an English baron (1911). He and Lady Mountgarret have two children, a son, Richard Butler, who is nearly three, and a daughter, Sarah, born in 1932

Cannons of Hollywood

The Lady Grenfell

Lord and Lady Grenfell were married seven years ago, and live in London—at 25, Oxford Square—with their two children, six-year-old Caroline Sarah, and four-year-old Julian. Lord Grenfell was in the Army (K.R.R.C.) until 1936. He succeeded his father, the famous Field-Marshal and first Baron, in 1925. Lady Grenfell was Betty Shaughnessy before her marriage; she is the daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Alfred Shaughnessy, and the Hon. Mrs. Piers Leigh. Through her mother, who comes from Tennessee, she is half American

Women in Uniform: No. 8. Hospital Supplies

The League of Remembrance and the Personal Service League

***The stock room** is full of flannel, gauze, cotton-wool, stored in cupboards marked with the month until needed in the work-room for cutting out and making. Checking stock here are Sisters Faith and Relief, wearing the blue crepe veil which is the headdress of permanent Remembrance workers, as opposed to ordinary League members*

***Trophies** belonging to the League include the wheel of the Renown, a Vindictive bucket, the bell of the famous wartime mystery-ship Aldebaran. They are looked after by girls, like the Student Candidate here, who take resident training in sewing and domestic work at the nominal fee of £50 a year*

The League of Remembrance

The League of Remembrance was founded early in the last war to provide everything a wounded or sick soldier could require. The headquarters were in Cavendish Square, were once bombed: its motto was, and is, "Remembrance by practical effort." The enormous output included hospital supplies, respirators, frost-bite boots, mosquito-nets, carbolised garments. After the war, work went quietly on for hospitals in peace time. One London hospital takes 12,000 dressings monthly from the League, another 4000, a third 2000, besides all sorts of garments. Any hospital may send its own materials and pattern to the League, and have them made up free of charge. Remembrance workers, widows and dependents of officers, supervise the needlework, assist in the control of the house, and receive a grant for their work. League members do the sewing and making up; "shadow" members under the new National Service scheme receive tuition in the expert work of making hospital supplies (see below). Over 1000 lessons have been given since last September. The League's hon. administrator is Mrs. E. H. Gibson, C.B.E.

***Enquiries** and telephone calls are dealt with by Wing-Sister 48, who had a brother killed in the last war, another brother seriously wounded. Her office is at the entrance to the League head-quarters in Bryanston Square—a house that once belonged to Lord Lovat*

***The work room** has white walls and furniture, glass tables. In the centre, with white head-dresses, are the regular members (town members pay £2 2s. a year, country members £1 1s.), many of whom have worked for the League since the last war. Behind them are the "shadow" members who learn the work in order to start other working-parties. Town "shadow" members pay £1 1s. for twenty lessons; country ones pay 10s. for twelve lessons*

***Joint Chairman** of the Lady Reading, is the Hon. goes daily from her house in League H.Q. in Lowndes Sq. with her. Mrs. Marsham was Birthday Honours. Her hus-*

***Masses of wool** has been Hawke (right), wife of Mr. She is helped by her daughter, Sir Percy Simmons. Nearly country knit for the P.S.L., and returning the finished*

Personal Service League, with Mrs. Sydney Marsham. She South Eaton Place to the and Mr. Benjamin (left) goes made C.B.E. in the last band is Lord Romney's uncle

Vice-chairman *is Lady Jowitt, wife of the K.C., and former Attorney-General. She is folder-in-chief of patterns—in her skilled hands, the octopus-like many-tailed bandage meekly and neatly folds up into its cellophane cover. Patterns of bed-jackets, surgeons' coats, bandages, dressings, are sent out to any working-party which asks for them*

Pinning *a chest bandage before stitching, a difficult job, absorbed the attention of Miss Lloyd, the P.S.L. expert, and Mrs. Whittaker, who is head of the sewing room*

the responsibility of Lady Justice Hawke, since 1932. Lady Simmons, wife of 1000 people all over the receiving their wool from garments to Lady Hawke

The Personal Service League

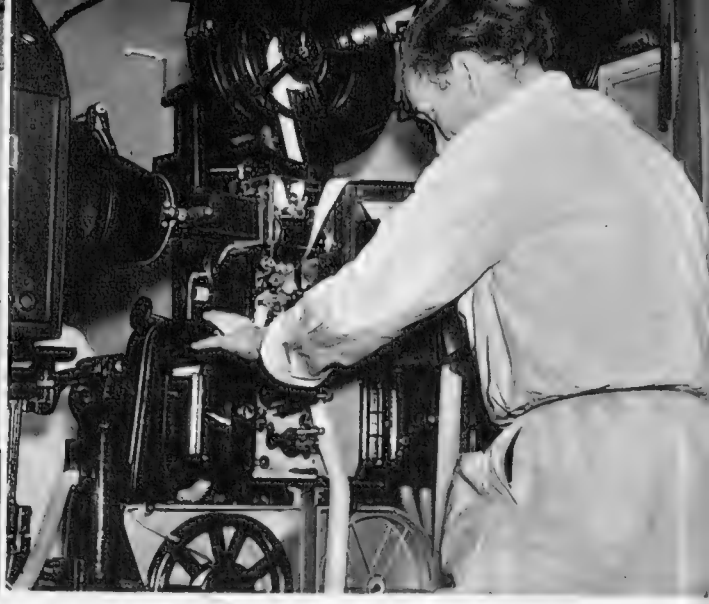
The Personal Service League is a peace-time organisation which has lately added war preparations to its usual work. It was founded in 1932, when unemployment reached peak figures, under the leadership of Lady Londonderry and Lady Peel. Queen Mary became its patroness, and in 1933 Lady Reading took over chairmanship. In seven years the P.S.L. has distributed about five million garments, collected over £125,000 for the purchase of clothing, boots, blankets. These reach the Distressed Areas through over one hundred distributing centres. Early this year, the P.S.L. was asked to co-operate with the Red Cross and St. John's Ambulance in creating hospital supply depots throughout the country, the League function being the making and sending out of patterns of bandages, dressings, etc., to any working party asking for them. This National Service work is apart from its usual work and finances. The demand is so great that for the first time a skeleton staff will be busy at headquarters throughout the August holiday period

Surgeons' masks *are being made here on treadle machines by Mrs. Dummelow and Lady Betty Butler. The former is the widow of the Rev. John Dummelow, a noted authority on Shakespeare. Lady Betty Butler is the younger sister of the Duchess of Sutherland*

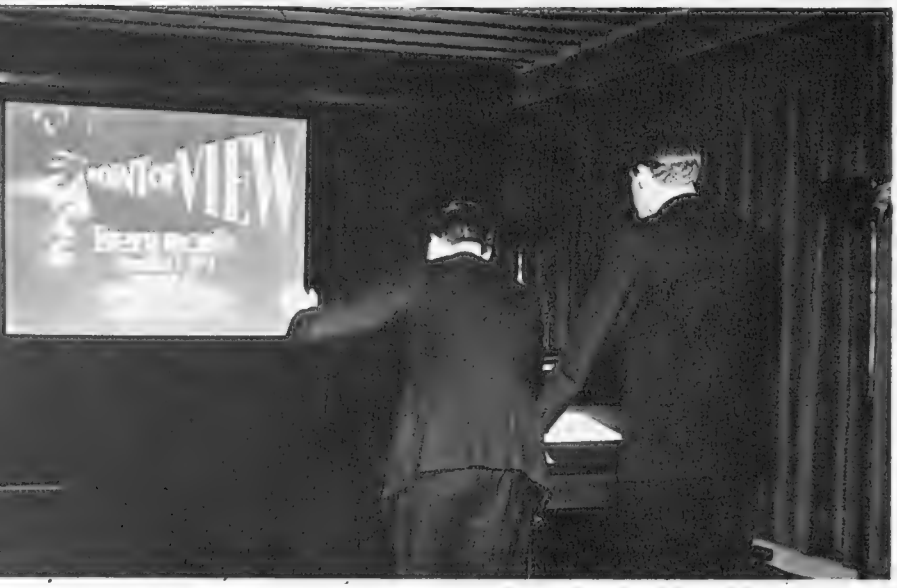
Preparing material *for the cutting machine (left) are Miss Angela Lampton, Miss Crooks, Lady Thomas, wife of Sir Godfrey Thomas, Lady Pears, and Miss Gwen Evans*

The stock room, *already stuffed with shirts, pyjamas, suits (bought at 14/- each for unemployed men), boots (7/- a pair), now has to hold the raw materials for hospital supplies as well. Working on the right are Mrs. Gregson Ellis, Miss Pond, Lt.-Com. Salmon, Mrs. Brown, Miss Halford*

"Point of View" in the making is "vetted" by a sharp-eyed quartet in the Company's small, smart private theatre in Old Burlington Street: (left to right) George Noble, cameraman; G. F. Noxon, the managing director; Ivan Scott, producer; and Miss Wiggins, the cutter. Theatre-roofing is a new sound-optimum substance — wood filings in cement



***Chief projectionist Lovell** handles one of the company's two up-to-date projectors in the chamber behind the theatre (left). Much of "Point of View's" apparatus is the latest thing of its kind and, in some cases, unique in this country*



"Point of View"

Makes its Bow

Some cinema-goers will already know *Point of View* films. Those that don't soon will. For these twenty-minute shorts are of an excellence that is bound to make itself felt in a short time. The idea of *Point of View* films is to do briefly in the cinema, what the most of the national Press gave up doing ten years ago: to present facts and arguments about vital problems, and to leave the audience to react in its own way. Ivan Rutherford Scott, till lately a News-Reel editor and commentator, is the man behind *Point of View*, and he brings more than technical qualifications to the job of producing a graphic presentation. No. 1, now on show, deals with food production and supply; subjects pending are State-run hospitals, make-up, useless competition in milk distribution, the problem of the non-voter, a betting-tax, unemployment

***Ivan Scott,** the producer of the series, prepares to record his commentary for the sound track as the film starts to run through. The signature showing on the screen has been used for the first "Point of View," but is now superseded. Below, the Odeon Cinema bills the world première*

***The world première** of "Point of View" No. 1 ("Should We Grow More Food?") took place in the Odeon programme, along with "Q 'Planes," last month. Photographed in the Odeon's luxurious foyer were (below) Oscar Deutsch, chief of the Deutsch Circuit, which has booked "Point of View"; Wendy Weddell, the actress who records the feminine commentary; and Scott, the producer*

"Bystander" Short Story

Technique

By James Wedgwood Drawbell

Illustration by R. S. Ridgway

LOTTIE had been trying for several weeks to get me to meet Margaret Mason. She had begun in a burst of high enthusiasm the first time I saw her after my return from the East. She spoke excitedly of "the very woman for you!" and not until we were half-way through dinner did it begin to dawn on her that a man might be led, but never driven.

After that, her tactics had been charged with the cat-like feminine subtlety that men can see through a mile away. It made me more cautious even than before. According to Lottie, in a most casual reference over a drink, Margaret Mason was the loveliest thing that had ever happened. And it was too bad that she was pining all alone in London—after that last terrible affair of hers—just ready for someone (someone like me!) to console.

"She is so beautiful," said Lottie. "So be-a-u-tiful; and so lonely."

It sounded like the first line of a new fox-trot, the way she said it. But case-hardened folk like myself know that the beautiful and the lonely are never the same people.

Besides, I knew pretty well that if Lottie had been cracking Margaret up to me, she had been piling on the old fairy-tale to Margaret about myself. It's one thing meeting a woman who knows nothing at all about you, and another meeting a woman who knows nothing but lies about you.

When I meet a woman I don't want to remember that all her points have been catalogued for me in advance, like the synopses you read in the programmes of the Russian Ballet. The ballet is never a bit like what the synopsis says you may expect; and neither is the woman.

So it was the very devil to discover that Margaret Mason was all that Lottie had said, and a great deal more. And it was even more of a devil to see, as the evening went on, that I could not do a thing with her.

Either Lottie had turned on the old record too loudly, telling Margaret again and again that I was the only man for her, or Margaret and I just did not speak the same language. It was very definitely a no-go.

It was one of those parties. You know: a lot of people getting together to drink someone else's wine and give his first novel a grand send-off by murmuring scandalous things to their friends about his private life.

All very noisy and jabbery, with a lot of high female laughter, and dozens of so-so dinner invitations being bandied about among people who have no intention of ever seeing each other again if they can help it. And Margaret, standing somewhere near the fireplace, looking so radiantly part of it, and yet not belonging in the very least.

"Isn't this terrible?" I said to her, looking round the room at the shrieking gaiety. I knew she thought so too.

"Is it?" she said, awfully surprised. "I'm enjoying myself. I love parties like this."

Like hell she did.

"But it must seem a little tame to you," she added, and I could see that, behind her warm, friendly smile, she was going to freeze me as hard as she knew how.

Lottie had obviously piled on the tale about my quite fancifully wild life out East. All this was tame to me. I was used to something a lot more exciting than a pansy party in a West End flat.

"Hello, you two!" whispered Lottie, coming up close, and finally wrecking anything that might have been salvaged; "I knew you'd *love* each other as soon as you met."

"Angel!" Margaret said sweetly. "It's the old clairvoyant in you."

There wasn't the least little bit of mercy in her eyes. Just sheer two hundred-per-cent. teasing. With a smile that ran up one side of her face in the most mocking way. I couldn't do much about it.

"Can I get you another drink?" I asked her.

"Please." And her eyes only hoped I'd have to go down to Piccadilly to get it.

But what I started off to tell you about was not so much the party as what happened afterwards. It seemed that Lottie, on the assumption that it would be love-at-first-sight with Margaret and me, had planned one of those typical London nights that kill four out of every five people before they reach forty.

She had arranged a little dinner-party for six of us—the usual biological three male and three female business—and after that we were to go on to a night club. I didn't mind the dinner, especially as Margaret was at the far end of the table, and I could sit and watch her without coming into range of the particular battery she set aside for me. She played up the man by her side beautifully, but now and again her glance came swivelling across towards me like a searchlight. Not unfriendly, you know. Just withering.

But at the night club I found myself sitting with her, very close together, and the other four were on the other side of the long table.

It was one of those places where the wall-seats, facing the dancing floor, are cushioned and comfortable, and the chairs on the other side of the table are just for waiters to knock into in the half-darkness. Margaret and I were in two of these. There was nothing for it but to dance. She danced divinely.

The band knew its job. Not that silly boob-a-doob discord music, but the rhythmic, flowing sort that takes you round the floor without a creak of your

(Concluded on page ii)

Gardener's Chronicle

Fragrance

By R. C. Jenkinson

Blanche Henrey

Tobacco plants: *it is the only white Nicotiana Affinis that smells; in the evening no scent is more entrancing than that given off by a group close to a loggia or sitting-room window*

Description

WHEN we describe colour or shape there are certain recognised standards by which one person can make himself definitely clear to another: for exact colour nomenclature one can refer to the R.H.S. Colour Chart; for form or shape, to a standard dictionary. Thus there can be no argument. But the problem of scent, which plays for many of us so important a part in the garden, is baffling: none has as yet succeeded in bottling the scent of rose, sweet pea or mignonette so that we could purchase a named collection of well-known flower smells against which the perfume of some new plant could be compared. As it is, one can only say "it smells like orange blossom," or "it reminds me of ripe figs"—a description permitting a very broad interpretation.

Fragrance does add vastly to enjoyment of a garden, and more than anything else it has the power of stirring the memory, of recalling old associations or places; each year's haymaking conjures up again a children's tea party amongst the haycocks, the horse-machines slowly clicking their way round the field—no honking sound of tractor here. A Christmas bowl of freesias wafts me back to warm sunlit April days in a garden on Cap d'Antibes, where the freesias grew short and sweet all along the paths from the villa down to the sea, their fresh sweetness rising to meet the cloying drowsy perfume of golden mimosa.

Flowers of Evening

MANY plants withhold their fragrance until twilight falls. I know of no authority for the contention, but it seems to me that the probable reason for this is that in their natural habitat the insects which fertilise them are night workers, and, therefore, lured by scent to the flowers they cannot see.

The white tobacco plant and night-scented stock are well-known examples, whose flowers flop and look exhausted during the day, to revive as darkness and coolness approach. By a loggia or beneath the windows of the room where we would sit after dinner they are essential.

I only discovered last night that the lovely Lilium Brownii, while almost scentless by day, gives out the most ravishing aroma at night: we picked a couple of spikes in the afternoon; by ten o'clock the drawing-room was filled by their scent.

Another lily with the same habit is the Burmese Ochraceum. This tall September-bloomer is best grown in pots; its funnel-shaped reflexed flowers are ochreous-yellow, with a large lurid red-brown centre, most weird and beautiful seen by shaded electric light, and most deliciously fragrant.

Again, the great white pendant trumpets of Datura (or Brugmannsia), so easily grown in any frost-free house, whence they may be brought indoors or plunged outside in beds for the summer, only turn sweet at evenfall.

Pot-Pourri

APART from these night-scented flowers, many plants are sweeter in the early morning or evening, particularly in hot weather, when the dew is upon them or is falling. Such a one is sweet briar, whose foliage never puts forth its fragrance so strongly as under these conditions or else after a shower of rain.

So with sweet fern, Comptonia Asplenifolia, a shrub of three or four feet, with narrow, ferny, bog-myrtle-scented foliage—how clumsy this allusion is!—for any half-shady, non-limy place, an admirable associate for lilies such as Parryi or Canadense.

Cherry-pie I adore: it always smells, but early and late it is "extra."

Unbeknownst to many people there are now a few really good late-flowering rhododendrons, with white or pale pink flowers, that have a most delicate scent: they are all tall, rather open-growing plants with large leaves, and in the evening it is very pleasant to walk past them: I refer to such sorts as Rhododendron Discolor, Auriculatum, Diaprepes and their hybrids. In the category come the scented azaleas. The sweetest of them are the Americans, Viscosum and Occidentale and their hybrids. I can't describe their smell: you must choose, as I do every year when the weather permits, a warm evening in early June and walk amongst the azaleas, all pale and ghostly in the moonlight, and wonder what their scent recalls, and bless the nightingales for their accompaniment.

To all those who have a cool house I recommend at least one of the tender white-flowered rhododendrons, whose scent in March or April, when the pots are brought indoors, is such an exotic relief from the unspringlike weather we normally enjoy.

Spring Flowering Plants

HARDY spring-flowering plants of perfume are very welcome, and none more than Viburnum Carlesii, whose snowy whiteness hardly prepares one for the intense sweetness that the blossoms distil. Magnolias all smell, but of what? It is a pungent, bitter-sweet smell: lemon, blackcurrent leaves, and a sort of nutty flavour it has, essentially regal and aloof, as distinguished as the flowers themselves. To look at a magnolia in flower one expects it to have scent, so perfect is it in every other way; but whereas it seems natural in England in the urns of the evergreen Magnolia Grandiflora, it seems hardly fair that the pure white or purple-flushed chalices of the Soulangeana cousinhood should be asked to bear with the vagaries of an English spring and still-give forth their scent.

I think that every garden should, and could, find a warm corner for Aloysia Citriodora, the lemon-scented verbena. It is easy enough to give it a light covering in winter so that the main wood is unharmed and ready to push out the new shoots in May, to bear its deliciously scented leaves. I can never pass a plant without plucking one and crumpling it to my nose.

Three Herbs

WITH these three many people may not agree that their scent is valuable: Peony, phlox and chrysanthemum. Of the latter, while all smell, I refer to the hardy outdoor varieties, with small rosettes of various colours, and a dry camomile scent that I love. Peonies smell delicately, a fresh early-summer scent, reminding me more than anything of the musk roses. But phloxes are redolent of hot summer days—a heavy, nutty smell, restful and very pleasant, either in the garden or when cut.

But to describe flower scents is beyond the writer's power: he can only suggest what each individual scent means to him.

"Old Bill" Sees the World : By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"I was wonderin' whether I could interest you in a little drill this afternoon?"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

"Dat Fool Chile Johnson"

By V. S. Pritchett

ARNOLD BENNETT had a sinister weakness for obvious ideas. When he had finished the grandiose *Imperial Palace* he advised novelists to tackle the big shop. One's mind ran on appalled by a prospect of cross-section novels about the big railway terminus, the big liner, the Tottenham Court Road Corner House. And why not three miles of any arterial road, two coaches on the Inner Circle, or the first two floors of a biscuit factory? Bennett's passion for documentation, his provincial habit of being thunderstruck by mere things as long as they were enormous or cute, led to an error about the art of fiction which all the cross-section novelists have inherited. It is illustrated by Mr. John Hampson's study of a provincial hotel, *Care of "The Grand"* (Chapman and Hall; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

A provincial hotel in itself has no corporate significance; it is a mere arbitrary slice off the larger joint of society; it may be a good slice, but if you have nothing to say about the joint in general or no particular story to tell, you might just as well have taken any other slice. It would have been just as tasty. Now in any serious work of fiction you must be persuaded that the people are important and indispensable; it is a mistake for the reader to get the idea that any other collection would do. And that mistake is, I am sure, what makes most of this cross-section stuff mere virtuosity.

OF the kind, however, Mr. Hampson's is very estimable. Over two or three days you watch the hourly lives of the kitchen boy, the chef, the head waiter, his assistants, the barmaids, chambermaids, "Papa," the boss, and the two or three guests. The latter, an actor, a business man and a lonely, tyrannical old woman, are not very interesting. They live in a vegetable way, whereas below stairs the lives of the staff buzz along in the perpetual tussle of life with work. There is a wind-against-tide friction in the days of the worker; the longings of the chambermaid have to be stuffed down the moment the bell rings, the past of the waiters can come out for an airing only in the off moments; the barmaid has to decide about a new love affair between pulls of the lever and polishing the glasses. Mr. Hampson tells no general story; his aim is to catch life stories in accidental flashes and in the making. They go on, work and life, inextricably mixed up, work with the hum of habit, life coming out petulantly in the eye on the clock, the back answer; or, with pathos, in the tired kitchen boy crawling to his bed and the bullied waiter escaping the head's eye. Mr. Hampson does this excellently. It is interesting. He catches the vernacular of the worker's thoughts and their values, too. He is not sentimental. The hotel world, the world of work in general, is the story of the endless hierarchy of petty tyrants. In this world, forgetting to put the sugars on the table is a major calamity.

Yet, accepting Mr. Hampson's characters, is it true that, seen in relation to their work, they are, at their most, interesting? Perhaps, if Mr. Hampson had some specific social or political theme; but he has not. He gets the general dry stoicism and the cunning adaptability of the anonymous majority; what he misses is the history of the mysterious force and fire which keeps individuals alive and the contortions these introduce into the individual story.

J. Morton Sale designed this jacket for "There Are Angels in Madrid," Jonathan Davis's highly romantic novel about Francisco Goya, his "life and loves and struggles" (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.)

MR. JOYCE CARY'S *Mister Johnson* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is about one of those half-baked, semi-civilised and comical negro clerks who receive indulgent and patronising notice in the *mémoirs* of District Commissioners. Mister Johnson, for example, solemnly files letters about tobacco under elephants because he once heard a white man say "This damn tobacco is as green as elephant's droppings." But Mister Johnson is not a mere D.C. joke. He is a man, a slippery, imaginative, enthusiastic, double-dealing and criminal innocent with a comic character of the most original order. Like all truly comic characters he is tragic, too; he is smeared streakily with the veneer and tricks of civilisation, but he has a hopeless poetical nostalgia for its substance. He is as amoral as a child and the intricate farce of his debts and his thefts is tangled with a half-calculating and half-religious worship of his white master. This man, Rudbeck, a stupid, amiable fellow, is very well drawn, and, at the end, his execution of Mister Johnson, whose calamitous swagger has driven him to murder, is a master stroke. Mr. Cary writes simply, realistically and without any of the outpost of Empire romanticism. Johnson might have been another Gunga Din; instead he is a crackpot visionary, the incompetent and vainglorious yes-man—"dat fool chile Johnson—what he do next?" And when he gets his head blown off you feel you have the awful guilty feeling that you have done it.

MR. LEO WALMSLEY has always had a zest for his personal experience and a pleasant candour. His kind of naturalness about himself is an inborn gift. *Love in the Sun* (Collins; 8*s.* 6*d.*) describes how he went to live in a tumbledown army hut in Cornwall to escape scandal, and how he managed to live on nest to nothing while he wrote a book and supported wife and child. Rent 3s. a week; creditors looking for him; earnings 22s. from collecting earthworms, spiders, cockroaches, star-fish, sea-slugs and shore-crabs for a firm which supplied these specimens to biologists. There are more ways than one of earning a living. He was in love; he was very happy; he was scared that he would be found out, and the charm of the book lies in its simple and candid statement of these things, in the expectation that you will share his zest and his panics. You do. It is the attraction of the Swiss family Robinson theme. The adventures of English life, the rebellions against our dole-blackened system, the attempts at romantic escape, are to be found in the old shacks, the bungalows and sailing huts which disfigure the countryside. someone ought to write a book about bungalovia. Mr. Walmsley was one of the lucky ones. He is engaging because he has the knack of living.

SO many of the successful diaries are the work of failures, the timid, and the disappointed. They are the literary victories of the snail. The secretive writings of an Amiel or a Kilvert become, in the course of time, their public triumph, a blow from beyond the grave, cannily delivered below our belts. Mr. William Plomer has now edited a second volume of Kilvert's Diary (Cape; 12*s.* 6*d.*), and this sensitive, shy and engaging young clergyman makes an unforgettable impression of himself and his rural life in mid-Victorian England. His heart is as pure as a spring with no muddy piety in it. He has a poet's tenderness for the human story and a clear, untroubled eye for the daily sights and changes of the countryside. It is typical that he mentions the cow that looked in at the church window in the middle of his sermon, and the little girl who, when asked who had died for her on the Cross, replied "Lord Chesterfield". An excellent bedside book.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

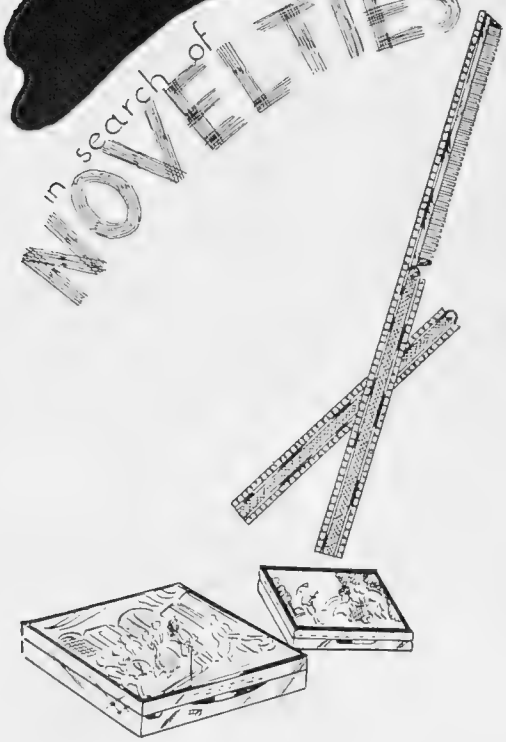
Scott Bushe

"A NEW HAT" is supposed to be noted for its tonic properties, a fact upon which male novelists frequently exercise their wit. You may be mourning a lost summer, or being philosophically cheerful at the prospect of autumn; but either way, a visit to Henry Heath, of New Bond Street, is a sure pick-me-up. If you propose to join the Northern trek on the 12th, immediate reparation becomes a necessity. You will find a classic hat, like the ones on this page, a sound investment. The larger picture shows a very becoming model. It has the forward movement which the new season demands, both in the slope of its brim and in the squared front fold of the crown. It is made in green felt, with a brown suède band and laced-up front. The price is £2 2s., for which one gets full measure of swagger and dash. Of the two smaller pictures, the upper shows one of the characteristic Heath "Twenty-one-and-ninepennies." These hats are the "Jacks-of-all-trades" in a wardrobe, for you can wear them in the country anywhere, and anyhow; "age," in fact, "cannot wither them nor the years condemn." The shape can be adapted to suit you individually. The third picture shows a stitched style. This can be made in any material to match your new suit. The original was in soft jersey

The Bystander turns in search of NOVELTIES

discovered by peta pictured by pam

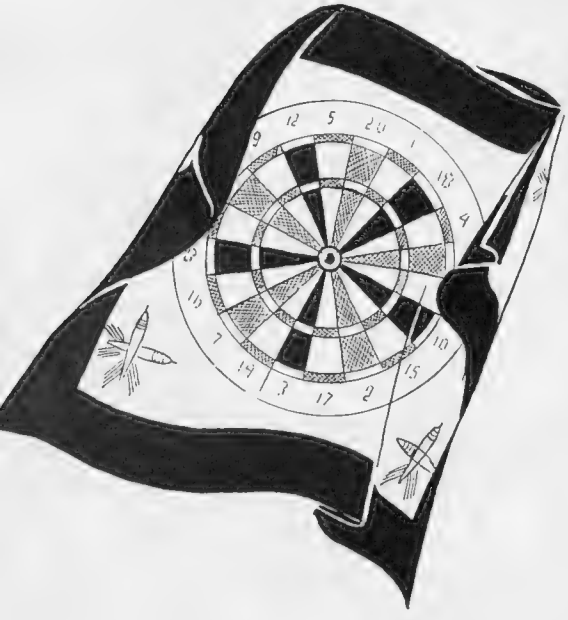
Unofficial filing system by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street: this impressive morocco case houses all your travel accessories, and has a special compartment for sponges, and a manicure-set, most thoughtfully fitted. Enamel and chromium brushes and bottle-tops, and all luxuriously lined in moiré for £12



The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have a new vanity series in gilt. The lids are delicately painted with miniature reproductions of famous pictures. Here is a powder-case with a painting after Lancret (£4 15s.), and a stamp-box with a Watteau picture. The long, slender comb folds into its silver case, and costs 37/6

Fortnum and Mason's flower-posies are made from a special non-fraying taffeta. For the one on the right, tiny mixed rosebuds and grape hyacinths were used. Below, the most amusing Noah's Ark jewellery in gilt, which you'll find on the lower ground floor. (181, Piccadilly)

In dart-board language, "double-two and hell-and-heaven" — that's to say, 4/11 — for this printed shantung square from John Lewis of Oxford Street. The "board" is not quite life-size, which will save your scarf from being pinned on to a wall in an emergency



On the first tee of the new course at Le Touquet Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates met the photographer. Mr. Gates is a cousin of Mr. Arthur V. Rank

Mrs. Clive Burn and her daughter Renée, who came out in 1937, were on their way to lunch at the Golf Hotel. Mrs. Burn, formerly Phyllis Stoneham, is a daughter of Le Touquet's founder

Gen. Sir Hugh Elles, a honeymooner, was photographed with his new step-daughter, Suzanne du Boulay. He married her mother, Mrs. Arthur Housse-mayne du Boulay, last month

Photographed on their way to the clubhouse at Le Touquet were Major and Mrs. Ralph Raphael, a couple well known in Newmarket circles

Summer Golf Round the Sand Dunes of Le Touquet

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Partnerships and Selection

Girls' Championship Entry Form is on page iv.

Autumn Foursomes Entry Form will appear August 23rd.

At last—at long last—there is a brief pause from competition golf. No doubt a certain number of players will be going to Bad Ems for the German Open, which is to be held there August 14th to 17th, and a certain number will compete in holiday open meetings at seaside clubs. Good scoring there may be, at some of these. Those who win will doubtless feel they have done much to add to their reputation and reduce their handicap. But, speaking personally, there is no golf which must be watched, nor results reported, though the skies fall, and I can sit back, pondering over what the season of 1939 has produced so far, and chewing the cud on the problems of the future.

If anybody has a particular problem they would like chewed on this page, now is their moment. They might even be forgiven if they preferred to send it anonymously, and, though naturally an editor's waste-paper basket is always at hand, gaping to receive such communications, unread and unheeded, exceptions might possibly be made.

The problem which seems to me the most urgent at the present time is to find and encourage the right pairings for the Curtis Cup match against the U.S.A. in this country next May 24th. A long way ahead, perhaps, but not too long to build partnerships, for that is a matter of many moons, with the players knowing the best and the worst of each other under all sorts of conditions. Of course, the difficulty is that a selection committee likes to select on performances, as near as possible, to the time of the match itself, but, sound as that principle is for the singles, something besides winning individual honours goes to the making of a perfect pair. If the selection committee for 1940 can do nothing yet, it seems to be at least up to the low-handicap players themselves to try out possible partners whenever opportunity arises.

Without wishing to appear too pushful of one's own wares, may it be observed that the BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes are an obvious occasion for so doing. Let the lowest handicaps be hard-hearted to the long ones, boon companions, bosom friends, splendid value at their handicap though they may be, and take to themselves, for those five days, somebody with whom they would make a possible international partnership.

At Ranelagh such a counsel might have been too hard to follow; on a course where the second shot (if any) seldom calls for more than a number seven, the giving of strokes in vast quantities was almost beyond the power of mortal golfer. But Roehampton is a different matter. There are plenty of real legitimate two-shotters or more; the trouble must be carried, or, if not carried, then recovered from, not picked out of, so that the givers of odds ought to come into their own.

Strokes they will naturally have to give; the playing limit is thirty, and because the eight couples with the lowest joint handicaps are seeded, those eight are bound to meet receivers until on the Thursday afternoon they come up against each other—all going according to plan—in the last eight.

But this really does seem a chance for trial partnerships, which might be further tempered in the London Foursomes, which Mrs. Kenneth Morrice announces for March 12th, 13th and 14th next year, at Royal Wimbledon.

As to the British team itself, once the English close championship is over, early in October, no really relevant event will take place in time to affect the records of those players who should form the team against America. Perhaps plans are already ripe for the selection committee to get busy then, with at least warnings to those possible choices, so that they may really lay schemes for doing the best possible for their golf until May comes round. Told then, a player can, for instance, plan her 1940 budget with an eye to lessons, if she feels that such would put the finishing touch to her game, with a due proportion of open meetings; with perhaps a week at the course where the match will be played, complete with partner—quite apart from such considerations as fitting visits, holidays, and even clothes round the fateful date.

So far it has not been the practice of the selection committee to take time by the forelock, and the international selection committee does not figure in the published list of meetings already fixed for November. Would it be asking too much of the L.G.U. to make some speedy move to rectify this, if they have not already done so? Or, if they are doing nothing, cannot pressure be applied by means of the county delegates to the L.G.U. executive? There is far too much sitting back, either in complacency that all is for the best, or in a despairing attitude of "I give it up, the L.G.U. are hopeless," when players and public alike could get in touch with the delegate of their county and insist that she puts their views forward.

It is no good to complain unless we are ready to take some steps to mend matters.

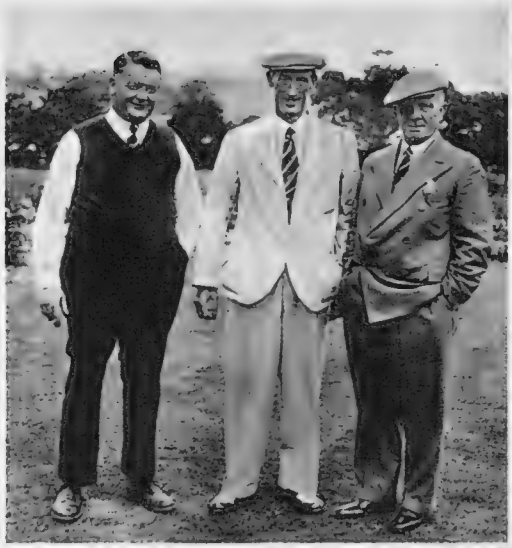
J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Crowd Question

IN the new golf book which I edited called *Around Golf*, Cyril Tolley writes concerning his great match with Bobby Jones in the Amateur Championship of 1930 as follows: "Providence was watching over the spectators. There were no serious accidents, although Bobby hit them nine times to my five, and they contributed to his three at the thirteenth, as his drive, Captain V. A. Pollock told me, would have finished in the whins."

Besides this bit of luck Jones would have lost the seventeenth hole if the spectators had not stopped his ball going into the road, and as he finally only won this match on the nineteenth green, it is reasonable to suppose that, if the crowd had been kept off the field of play, he would have lost.

Captains v. Greenkeepers



This trio of captains is B. L. Coombe (Ealing), W. G. Hayward (Sudbury) captain of the Society, and R. Taylor (South Herts.). The first won his match, the others lost

The Society of London Golf Captains lost to the Greenkeepers at South Herts. by 7 to 4. W. G. Cressey, secretary of the South Herts. club, lost to T. Mason by 2 and 1

J. B. Marr (Fulwell) and L. S. Fosbrooke (Surbiton) were a couple of successful captains; they beat respectively B. Dash by a hole, G. Bird by 4 and 3

J. C. Levay is captain of Muswell Hill, F. Durham is an ex-captain of Ilford; the former lost his match, the latter won

This year Compston had his ball stamped into the ground by a spectator during the *Daily Mail* tournament, and Bruen suffered the same fate in the Irish Open Championship. Edward Musty, of Fleetwood, who had the misfortune to be drawn with Henry Cotton in the qualifying rounds of the Open Championship at St. Andrews this year, had the luck the other way round, as his ball was stopped from going into the whins at the second hole on the New Course by the mackintosh of a spectator, who, not watching the ball, held it over his head when he heard the shout of "fore." Lees, who last month won the Irish Open Championship, is reported to have had to play over the heads of the spectators during play in this championship.

These are only a few of the instances of how play has been interfered with by spectators this year; there must have been a great many more instances which have not come to my notice.

THOSE in authority at St. Andrews have taken infinite pains to enable competitors to play in comfort, and although their arrangements for crowd control are vastly superior to those of a few years ago, they are still very far from satisfactory. It has been suggested by some writers on the game that the difficulties of crowd control could be eased materially by increasing the charge for admission to the course very considerably. I doubt if this suggestion would obviate the present difficulties to anything approaching complete satisfaction and it might even kill the geese, which lay the golden eggs.

To watch the best performers at other games you have to pay very much more than you do to watch golfers, but at other games you are usually assured of a comfortable seat and a good view of what is going on. Even if you paid ten shillings to watch the Open Championship, you would certainly not get a seat unless you provided it yourself, and it is extremely doubtful if you would get a good view of what is going on.

At St. Andrews players have more chance of playing without interference than on other courses, because certain portions of the course are kept clear of spectators. Spectators are not nowadays allowed on the first or last fairways, or on the road at the back of the seventeenth green, and the whole of the loop from the approach to the seventh green to the twelfth tee is also kept clear of spectators. Also one hundred and twenty paid stewards are employed, clad in white coats like cricket umpires, who are stationed in strategical positions, which they are not permitted to leave, in addition to the army of volunteer stewards, who accompany the various couples. At St. Andrews two large mounds have been made, one to the left of the eleventh tee and the other at the back of the seventh green. These mounds form natural grand-stands and accommodate a large number of spectators, who can see without moving, all the play at the eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh holes as well as the approach shots and putting at the seventh.

If you take up a position on the rails to the right of the last hole about 180 yards from the green you can see, without walking a step, all the play at the first and last holes and also all the play in the neighbourhood of the seventeenth green.

I NOTICE that as long ago as 1936 I advocated that at championships and other important golfing events, the spectators should not be allowed on the field of play at all, and I am still convinced that this is the only method of dealing with large crowds from the points of view of the spectators as well as the players.

A man in a crowd of even five thousand following one match can only hope to get an occasional glimpse of the play and to get it has to run and push. If the crowd is kept to the right and left of the fairways, as it can be at many holes, it will be possible from as far away as two hundred yards to get a good idea of what is happening. Surely this is much more preferable to jumping up and down behind a crowd twenty deep round a green, when all you can hope for is to hear from some fleet friend in the front ranks whether A holed or missed his putt.

It has by now been proved that the play at the holes at St. Andrews, where the spectators are not allowed on the fairways, can be seen in comfort, so I can see no valid reason why spectators should not be kept off the fairways. If this is done, and mounds like those at the seventh and eleventh holes at St. Andrews made to act as grand-stands at vantage points, I am quite sure that both watching and playing in a championship would be very much more pleasant performances than they are at the present time.

Other advantages to this suggestion are that damage to the course and bunkers by spectators would be avoided, and the fairways would not be trampled down. The trampling of the feet of big galleries make the fairways considerably faster than they usually are, and is one of the reasons why we see such excessively long shots in championships. Also the number of stewards could be considerably decreased and their duties would be comparatively simple.

Mother and daughter *at Deauville are Mme. Kraus-Ulam and one-year-old Florence. The former, leopard-suited for the sea, is a Polish-Parisian socialite*

Young marrieds *at Eden Roc are Mr. and Mrs. Clare O'Rorke (Tunie Karri-Davies that was), cautiously dressed against the oven-heat of that famous sunbathing spot, where at one time it was thought rather reprehensible to appear fully clothed*

Debutante *of 1939 who has gone to Monte Carlo to holiday after the first-season routine is Elizabeth Denison. Her double escort at the Beach was the Hon. John Fermor-Hesketh, Lord Hesketh's younger son, and Rodney Mundy*

Beach Life—As Lived at Deauville, Eden Roc, Monte Carlo

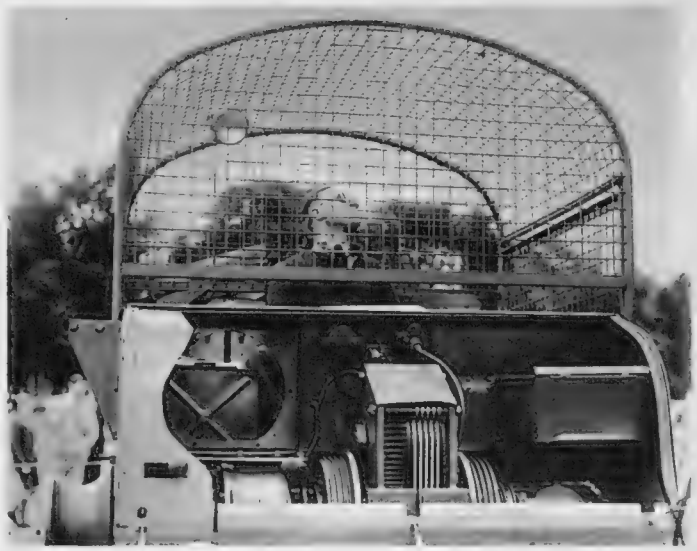
Sisters *baking their backs at Eden Roc are Audrey Butler and Mrs. John Benn, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Butler. Mrs. Benn, better known in the skating world as Gweneth Butler, married John Benn, son of Frank Hamilton Benn, last year*

Beauty *of whom everyone in Paris is talking, and who uses no make-up, is Mme. Daniel Dreyfus, Russian-born wife of the Franco-Jewish millionaire. She has a villa at Deauville, and a small daughter, not yet a year old*

Villa-owners *on the Riviera are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Van den Bergh. They are near Eden Roc, and appear there frequently for sunbathing and bathing. They also have a lovely house in Switzerland, Alon Villars in the Rhone Valley*

By Air to the Best Places

By Charles Ward



Seen in Hyde Park: The man at the wheel, enclosed in a cage of wire-netting, is paying out the cable of a barrage balloon. The object of the cage is to protect him, if the cable snaps in a high wind

British to Brussels

THE season for airport openings and rallies is closing, whilst that for racing enters into its second term. The King's Cup event takes place at Birmingham Airport on September 2nd. The race for the Wakefield Cup, organised by the Cinque Ports Club, is to be flown at Lympne on September 16th, and the annual contest between London and Cardiff on September 23rd. The Coupe Deutsch, run by the Aero Club de France, is due on October 1st, to be followed by an aero exhibition in Milan. In between these dates is a conference of the F.A.I. in Athens, for those legally or statistically inclined, and a balloon race for the Gordon Bennett Cup in Poland. The last week-end in July was notable for five events of importance—an international flying meeting at Frankfurt; an airport ceremony at Boulogne; a flying display at Redhill, a dinner-dance to celebrate Cecil Pashley's thirty years as a pilot and a flying week-end to Brussels. Not having flown with British Airways for some time, and my knowledge of Brussels being somewhat out of date, I chose the last-named of the five. The Belgian capital is situated ninety minutes flight from Heston by the Lockheed "10-A." This means an easy three-hours' journey from Terminal House, Victoria—where British Airways take charge of one's person, parcels and passport—to the Palace, Plaza, or Cecil, the three best hotels at the other end. Belgium should be visited during the next two months in order to include a trip to Liége, where an exhibition is in progress that is unique. The attractive setting on both sides of the Meuse, the variety of water-craft, the clever design of buildings, the amazing light-effects after dark, the novelties in Butlin's amusement park, the generous supply of café-bars—these are a few of the inducements that have drawn millions of people from all over Europe. Our guide, philosopher and friend was Sam Meiklejohn, the representative for British Airways in Belgium, who has been in aviation on the Continent since Instone's started an air line to Paris just after the war.

Flying for 30 Years

CECIL PASHLEY is one of a small band of pre-war pilots who is still very much on the active list. He taught himself to fly at Brooklands in 1909, and gained experience on early types such as the famous "cross-Channel" Bleriot and the Voisin. He was a contemporary of such pioneers as Graham Gilmour, Sopwith, Gordon Bell, Raynham, Gordon England, Rhodes Moorehouse. When Shoreham aerodrome was started, Pashley, together with his brother, opened a flying school, designed and constructed a small pusher biplane, and this won the pylon race for the Shell Cup at the opening of the 1914 season. During the war Pashley became an Admiralty test pilot, while acting also as an instructor. In 1920 he obtained his pilot's "B" licence, and later went into partnership with F. G. Miles. Together they struggled through some of the leanest years of aviation by barnstorming, tuition, charter and film work. During this period they started the Southern Aero Club at Shoreham, and produced a very successful light single-seater, the "Martlet." As chief instructor of the Southern Aero Club, Pashley taught a great many people to fly, and until as recently as 1934, the Avro "504-K," probably the most famous aircraft ever produced, did duty as a training machine. The friendly little Southern Aero Club has now become the South Coast Flying Club, with comfortable premises on the municipal airport. Its success is very largely due to the attractive personality and unequalled record as an instructor of Pashley. He has now completed over 10,000 flying hours, a most remarkable record when it is remembered that at no time has he been employed on air-line work.

An intimate study of the Moth "Minor," made at the de Havilland aerodrome, Hatfield. The circular slots or vents, seen forming two-deep on the underside of the wing, have no military significance

Mails by Air

THE Imperial air-mail service to America was due to start last Saturday with a flight by "Caribou." The Company expected a full load of letters for the first of the British services, which will continue until the end of September. Scheduled departure is at 1 p.m., reaching New York at 11 p.m. on the following day, after landing in Ireland, Newfoundland, and Canada. Refuelling is to take place over the Atlantic on each side, four converted "Harrow" bombers being available as tankers. The last demonstration of taking in supplies whilst in the air was conducted at Southampton in bumpy weather, which is the worst condition, except that of fog, to be encountered in practice. The equally spectacular method of jettisoning petrol was also shown. A retractable strut holds a couple of yards of hose in a rigid position below the hull, and, judging from photographs, the petrol released forms a horizontal plume of spray well clear of the hull. Mails by air at ordinary postage rates are now carried between Scotland and the Orkneys. Captain E. E. Fresson, who was the pioneer of air lines in the Highlands, made the opening flight on the new service a fortnight ago. The company has established a very complete network of passenger services throughout Scotland, these being illustrated in a booklet that can be obtained free of charge from its headquarters at Renfrew.

From the Tarmac

THE census of opinion on modern air liners reveals the fact that "Flamingo" is the most comfortable of those in the medium class—medium in the matter of size, of course. The first in service makes the journey from London to the Channel Islands in an hour. Three have been ordered by the Air Council, one of which will replace the "Envoy" now used by the King. Cruising speed is 210 miles an hour, even faster than the "Frobisher" class—also from de Havillands—which has broken commercial records on every route to date. The new liners by Fairey Aviation mark a step forward in comfort for the pilots. They sit in armchairs and all instruments to do with engines and accessories, some 70 in all, are grouped on a panel facing the flight engineer, who has a pew behind the skipper.

Sportfolio

Ball Games, Players and Watchers

Tonbridge beat Clifton

Tonbridge beat Clifton by 213 runs in the first of Lord's Public School matches, a result that was no surprise, for Tonbridge are a strongly fancied team this year. Here C. L. Welford, Tonbridge, pulls a leg boundary off E. H. James

Service Champions

These three were first strings for their team when the Service Championships, won by the Army, were played at Wimbledon: D. C. Bocquet, East Surrey Regiment, ex-junior doubles champion; Lieut. W. D. Muspratt, R.N., H.M.S. Vernon, Navy champion for the fourth year; Sq. Ldr. B. K. Burnett, youngest of his rank in the R.A.F. and a holder of the Air Force Cross

Junior Navy Finalists

Sub-Lieut. C. M. Bent, R.N., Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth, met 2nd Lieut. R. G. Meaby, R.M., Royal Marines Barracks, Portsmouth, in the final for the R.N. and R.M. junior tennis championship, Meaby winning two sets to one. Between them stands Lieut.-Comdr. A. Miers, H.M.S. Nelson, the umpire

Scottish Amateur Champion — Again

Hamilton McInally, a chemical worker of Ardeer, regained the Scottish amateur title he had held in 1937 by beating Hector Thomson at Prestwick by 6 and 5. On the right he takes his cup from Mr Kirk, president of the Scottish Golf Union

The polo season on France's north coast reached its peak towards Bank Holiday; the trio below, Mrs. G. M. Temple, Jack Traill and Mrs. R. Balding, were watching play at the Noeud-Vincent ground, where the Polo Club du Touquet has its headquarters

Midhurst Tournament Spectators

Beryl Lady Cowdray, her daughter, the Hon. Daphne Pearson, and the latter's fiancé, Mr. John Lakin, were photographed at the Midhurst Polo Tournament at Cowdray Park, won by the Knaves. Lady Cowdray has moved to Selham House, Sussex, to make way for her son and his bride, who return from honeymoon for Daphne Pearson's wedding to-morrow

PARLIAMENTARY TENNIS

News Reel

M.P.s and Députés *met at Deauville the week-end of Cowes Week, for an inter-Parliamentary lawn tennis match for which President Lebrun was offering a cup. The occasion was one of entente cordiale between the two assemblies who have such a responsibility towards democracy, and a pleasant break for some British M.P.s before a full week in the Commons with the foreign policy debate on the Monday, and the adjournment debate on the Tuesday. Spectators at the Deauville court here are M. Flandin, captain of the Députés; Mme. Flandin, Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, Parliamentary Secretary for Education (with pipe); next him Mme. François Peugeot and Lord Stanley (in yachting cap). British M.P.s won by 5 to 4*

Lord Stanley *was at home aboard his yacht in the Bassin de Trouville to members of the Parliamentary teams and supporters—one of the supporters being the nineteen-year-old French star, Corinne Luchaire. She is with her host, in French sailor's cap*

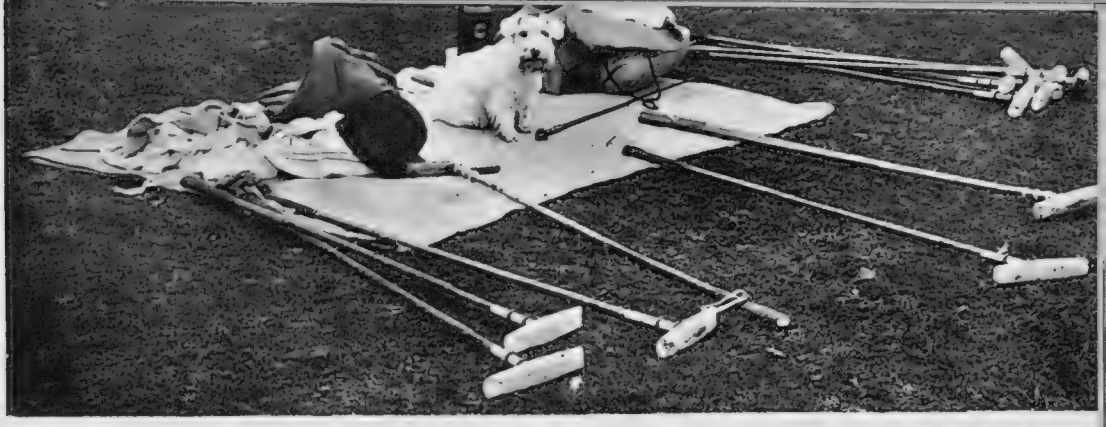
BALLET BREAK-UP

Nina Verchinina *packing up at Covent Garden made a good picture to typify the Russian Ballet's departure last month. Verchinina had rejoined the company after two years' absence in America; will presumably go with them to Berlin and later to Australasia. An article by Arnold Haskell on the season's end appears on page 202*

Irina Baronova *caused clouds to gather about the Russian Ballet's fin de saison by announcing that she and her husband, "Gerry" Sevastianov, a director of the company, were to discontinue their association with M. Dandré. Herewith the Sevastianovs, she still in her make-up from the last ballet, "Aurora's Wedding"*

RETURN FROM HOLLYWOOD

Vivien Leigh is back in England after playing Hollywood's most coveted film part of this decade—Scarlett O'Hara, in "Gone With the Wind," which will be seen this winter. On arrival at Plymouth, cameramen and autograph hunters immediately got to work



DOGS ON GUARD

***The match** between Broadway and Adsdean in the Midhurst polo tournament at Cowdray Park seemed to Topsail the occasion for some guardian work. When his master, Lord Louis Mountbatten, went to play, the Sealyham remained to view even photographers with suspicion*

***The marriage** between Flight-Lieut. de la Poer Beresford and Miss Pamela Carter (see page 192) at St. Margaret's, Westminster, seemed to the bridegroom's dog and some pals an occasion for enthusiastic behaviour. When Mr. and Mrs. Beresford came out of church they were greeted by a demonstration which was as rapidly quelled as a gallery interjection in the House*

DOWN TO THE SEA

***The Mediterranean** was the sea for which Simone Simon and M. Atkins undressed: last week we showed you a close-up of the French film-star, remarking on her sunburnt face, this week we can show she is "school-girl complexion (nearly) all over." Her companion at Eden Roc is a film director*

***The English Channel** was the sea for which Anna Lee and Clive Brook wisely stayed comparatively clothed. They are running over the rocks at Hope's Nose, near Torquay, during the making of their new film, "Return to Yesterday," which is a screen version of Robert Morley's play, "Goodness, How Sad!" The company returned from location last week*

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

I AM intensely intrigued by a recent case in which a bookmaker was fined for a street betting offence.

"What," you may ask, "has that got to do with motoring?"

Nothing, as yet, I admit; but read on.

When the bookmaker filled in his income-tax assessment forms, he claimed to be allowed to regard the fine as a part of his normal business expenses. The inspector said "No"—just like that! Then the National Bookmakers' Protection Association took the matter up and, after a great deal of wrangling (please take particular note of the "r" in that word!) the appeal was allowed, for it was shown that where a bookmaker is fined for an offence of this nature, it is customary for one-third of the fine to be returned to him as a legitimate trading expense. Now, what do you know about that?

Suppose a commercial traveller, using his car on business, were fined for exceeding 30 m.p.h. in a built-up area, do you suppose he could claim a proportion of the fine as a legitimate trading expense? I very much doubt if he would stand a chance of getting away with it. And—and here, in my opinion, is the rub—the bookmaker's breach of the law was premeditated.

SURELY few more amusing examples of red tape have ever been seen in connection with the control of a motoring sport event than that which occurred over the Shelsley Walsh protest recently. What happened was this:

A. D. Whitworth entered an unsupercharged Riley and nominated himself as driver. At the last moment, however, he was unable to drive and W. E. Wilkinson obtained the consent of the Stewards to drive the car in his stead. To such good purpose did Wilkinson handle the Riley that he made the fastest climb of the day by an unsupercharged car—in 42·04 seconds.

Then came the blow, for the R.A.C. Steward, after giving the matter a great deal of consideration, re-examined the regulations governing the meeting—regulations on which the R.A.C. itself had granted the organisers the necessary permit to run the climb—and found that these made no provision for the replacement of one driver by another. Consequently he ruled that Wilkinson's climb must be disallowed and the prize for fastest climb by an unsupercharged car should be awarded to S. H. Newsome, whose S.S. Jaguar had "ascended" in 42·95 seconds.

Complications ensued when Newsome refused to accept the award, to which he did not feel himself to be entitled. Anyhow, Wilkinson appealed and won his appeal and so, after the darkness of R.A.C. stewardship came the dawn of R.A.C. reason!

WHOEVER heard of an American car with an English engine? Well, it's true, for the announcement has just been made that the Nash Company are introducing a full range of cars fitted with English Diesel heavy-oil engines.

The Diesel engine chosen, after exhaustive tests on the Continent, in the Sahara and in Australia, is the well-known "P6" six-cylinder light-weight high-speed Perkins Diesel engine, features of which are its quietness, flexibility and economy, and its performance is comparable in every way with what is expected from the modern petrol engine. One of these Nash cars fitted with a Diesel unit has been tested very thoroughly over the last few months, and has already covered over 40,000 miles; it is a most successful combination.

In the past the difficulties associated with the Diesel engine for private-car application have been those of weight, noise and size. Perkins, of Peterborough, claim to have overcome these difficulties quite definitely. Actually, to give one instance, the engine is comparable in weight per B.H.P. developed with modern similar petrol engines. From the point of view of performance, the Nash diesel is said to have quite extraordinary acceleration with a high maximum speed. The great advantage of the Diesel engine, i.e., economy in fuel consumption, is most apparent.

I am told that a Diesel-engined Nash will be shown at the Motor Show at Earl's Court, in October, and that on the Stand efforts will be made to explain, to interested people, the difference in the operation between the petrol engine and the Diesel engine.

ALL the elements of a movie thriller characterise a recent incident in which the R.A.C. figured. It began when a doctor administered to a patient an injection of morphia. He watched the patient leave his surgery and was horrified to see him drive away in a car. Knowing that he lived some forty miles away, the doctor was somewhat concerned that the morphia might take effect before the patient could reach his home. He immediately communicated with the nearest R.A.C. office giving particulars of the case. Club Guides and the police were informed along the route the driver was expected to follow, and within a few minutes he had been located and was later reported to have reached home safely.

Lagonda: *this smart twelve-cylinder drop-head coupé was photographed near Lilford Hall, Lord Lilford's seat near Oundle*

Austin: *FOC 510 is one of the dapper little Austin "tens," so frequently seen on the road; the scene is Cap Wrath, Scotland*

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

AUGUST

Name { Mrs. / Miss } .....

Address .....

.....

The joy of the game depends upon the "PLAYER'S"

And no matter how the game's going these Player's always Please. They're like the stalwarts found in most teams, cool and entirely dependable. Always to be relied upon to lead in popularity with Players and Spectators alike.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES MEDIUM OR MILD PLAIN OR CORK TIPS 10 for 6½ 20 for 1/0½ 25 for 1/4

N.C.C. 502H

Technique

(*Continued from page* 213)

joints, and your woman following you, close into you, like a warm fragrance. For two people who had started off with a mutual hate, we did pretty well. Twenty minutes of it, melody after melody, without even thinking of a break.

When we went back to our seats we were a little breathless, with one thing and another. And in Margaret's eyes there was a new glint of friendliness, and somewhere in me was that old, old feeling.

We had no chance then to dance again. The half-darkness became complete darkness. A spot-light came out from the ceiling and made a large white pool on the empty dance floor. The band gave out that ominous rumble of drums that presages the worst. The cabaret was about to start.

I knew then that I was sunk. Another dance or two with Margaret . . . an opportunity at table to say something less inane than what I had said at the party . . . a few intimate drinks together in the half-light—all these might have helped. But to have her distracted now with a cabaret—that was the end.

The floor became covered with slinky blondes who had left most of their clothing in the dressing-room. The rest of our party sat up in their seats to take notice. I shot one miserable glance towards the show, and brought my eyes back to Margaret.

The coolness was out of her now. She was flushed and warm. As the spot-light came round the room, lighting up individual diners, it showed her up in its glare—eager, expectant, starry-eyed.

She gazed back at me across the table. The others were lost in the show, their attention given to the cabaret. Margaret took her eyes away and looked towards the naked dancing girls. I followed her gaze. Only for a moment. The old head came round again. These old eyes did their stuff, feasted on her while she watched. She turned and caught me out. Leaned instinctively forward as if to speak. The band let loose with everything they had got. It was hopeless.

It must have been an awfully good cabaret. Everybody yelled and applauded and tinkled their glasses. And at the end there was a great running back and forth of the girls, and most of the people there sounded as if they never wanted the show to be over.

But I was eager to get the floor cleared so that the dancing would begin again. I wanted to have Margaret near me. But when the lights came on, the girls of our party decided to go and powder their noses. Oh, well!

They were gone some time. Every minute that ticked itself away was taking Margaret further away from the feeling that had come to life for a moment while we danced. It couldn't be recaptured now. The cabaret had intervened. The nose-powdering. Something else would come along.

It did. Lottie bagged me just as I rose to greet Margaret on their return.

"I want this dance," Lottie said. "You 've had Margaret all evening."

There was a something of triumph on her face that I could not understand. Lottie is very discerning. Very shrewd. She of all people must have known that neither Margaret nor I had come up to her expectations.

"Darling!" It was Lottie whispering in my ear as we danced. "Darling, you are wonderful! I am so proud of you."

I squinted quickly at her, expecting laughter. No. Deadly serious. Serious, and a shade adoring.

"Go on from there," I whispered back.

"Your technique!" she said. "It is brilliant! Wonderful! You can do anything you like with Margaret now!"

At that moment we moved within a yard of Margaret, dancing in another man's arms. Over his shoulder she was looking our way, and her face was alive with friendliness. She lifted her fingers from the lout's shoulders and twinkled them greetingly towards me. Her lips parted in a smiling message. A message of assurance.

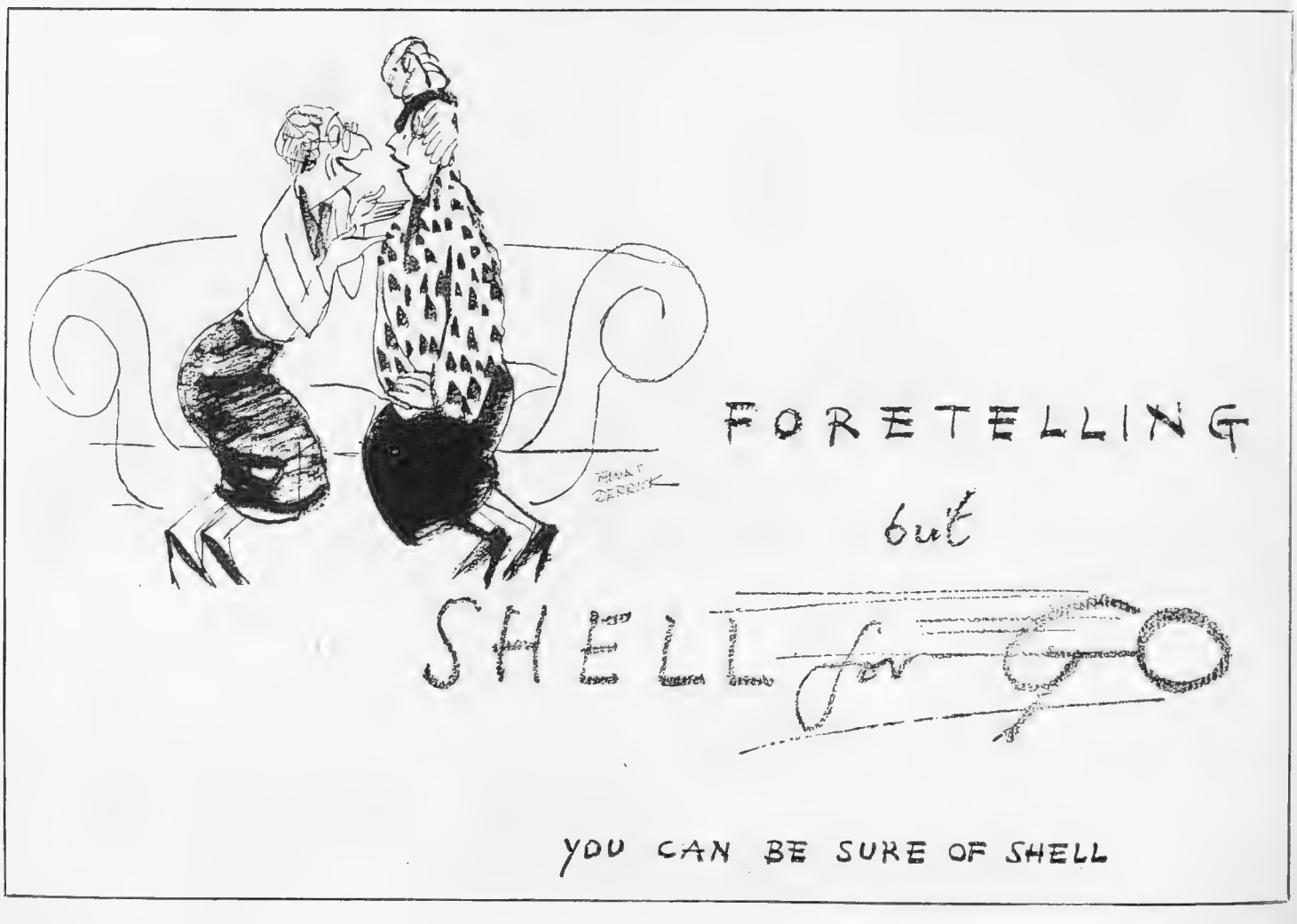
"Your marvellous technique!" Lottie was saying. "How clever of you! All through the cabaret, this floor was filled with naked girls, and you hardly looked at them. You had eyes only for Margaret. You sat there, eating her up with your eyes. I noticed it. Margaret loved it. She told me so."

"My technique?" I murmured.

"Women love that sort of thing," Lottie whispered. "How clever of you to know. I don't believe you looked once at these other girls."

And it was true. So true. I had scarcely looked at the cabaret. Had Lottie not noticed the pillar, so close to our table, that blotted out my view?

THE END



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September 12th—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 15th, 1939.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting-list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Friday, August 25th, and must be made on the entrance form which appears on the right.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch match-play knock-out tournament at Stoke Poges, September 13th, 14th and 15th. Halved matches will be played to a finish.

The two semi-finalists, 1938, and six next lowest handicaps will be "seeded."

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

A *Consolation Tournament* will be held on the 14th and the morning of 15th for the *eight youngest competitors* who have been beaten in the first or second rounds. Prizes to the winner and runner-up.

A *Scratch Bogey Competition* for the Craig Challenge Cup will be played for on September 14th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland *v.* England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 11th; all mothers or chaperons may do so at a reduced green fee of 3s. 6d.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

The proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

SCOTLAND *v.* ENGLAND

HOLDERS: SCOTLAND

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11TH, AT 2 O'CLOCK

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1939, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, a silver medal to each member of that team, and bronze medals to the losing team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

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21st Year.

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Date and year of birth..... *Club (if any)*.....

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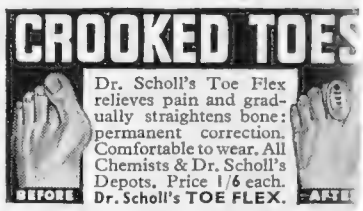

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

August 9—August 15

First Night and Matinée days are correct at going to press, but readers are advised to check them with the dailies

THEATRES

Straight Plays

AFTER THE DANCE.—A well-written study of the clash of period temperaments gives Catherine Lacey, Martin Walker, Anne Firth chances they mostly take: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ALIEN CORN.—Margaretta Scott gives a strong performance as a thwarted pianist-refugee in Sidney Howard's well-acted play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protegé: Duchess, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE DEVIL TO PAY.—Harcourt Williams has produced Dorothy Sayers' new-style version of the *Faust* legend; a play with something to say: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GENTLE PEOPLE.—Abraham Sofaer and Ernest Jay are the people who get ungentle with gangster Clement McCallin in quite a good, funny play: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

GROUSE IN JUNE.—A fresh and witty light comedy about Americans in Scotland with Richard Goolden, Constance Lorne, Billie Ryan: New, 8.40. Tues. Sat., 2.30.

MALVERN FESTIVAL.—Six new plays comprise the programme; by Shaw, S. I. Hsiung, Sir Robert Vansittart, Bridie, Alexander Knox and Misses Price and Miller: Malvern Theatre.

OF MICE AND MEN.—Claire Luce, Niall MacGinnis and John Mills in John Steinbeck's strong, grim American tale: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

ONLY YESTERDAY.—Adrian Brunel's life-in-war-time play has Irene Vanbrugh, Dorothy Hyson, Colin Keith-Johnston: Playhouse, 8.30 (except Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.—Bridie's apocryphal frolic at the Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Comedy, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE WOMEN.—Clare Boothe's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Frances Day and Vic Oliver head a lively cast and chorus in this "intimate rag": Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes is Ivor Novello's current musical setting with Mary Ellis and Roma Beaumont: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Bruce Carfax and Doris Francis are successors to Welchman and Edith Day in this revival; cheap seats: Garrick, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The author and the cast (Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, etc.) of *Nine Sharp* turn further witty lights on contemporary phenomena: Little, 9. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 9. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves continue to hand out laughs generously in the low-down on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

"Alien Corn"

Hartley Power and Margaretta Scott give fine performances as business man and refugee pianist who fall in love but are barred from each other by his wife, her art, in Sidney Howard's play at Wyndham's

REVUDEVILLE No. 124.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Palladium (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.30 and 9); and the Prince of Wales's (2-11.30 non-stop).

CINEMAS

BEAU GESTE (American).—The old exciting Legion stuff remade with Gary Cooper, Ray Milland and Robert Preston as the Gestes: Plaza.

CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY (American).—Edward G. Robinson in a new role as investigator of audaciously authentic German espionage: Warner and Regal.

DRAME DE SHANGHAI (French).—Louis Jouvet in war-menaced China; a Pabst film: Academy.

LA FEMME DU BOULANGER (French).—A coarse, jolly, satirical tale of Provençal village life; trade, feuds, cocuage and Raimu: Berkeley.

THE FOUR FEATHERS (British).—John Clements, Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith and June Duprez are in the A. E. W. Mason story filmed: Dominion.

A GIRL MUST LIVE (British).—Renee Houston and Lilli Palmer and Margaret Lockwood mixed up with the peerage, in the person of Hugh Sinclair: New Gallery.

JESSE JAMES (American).—Tyrone Power as the toughest bandit in American history: Marble Arch Pavilion.

LES OTAGES (French).—A Montague and Capulet theme in a French war-scarred village; good acting by Charpin, Annie Vernay, local people: Paris.

MAN ABOUT TOWN (American).—Dorothy Lamour leaves the jungle for the boulevards, to meet Jack Benny and Edward Arnold in a comedy: Carlton.

SHIPYARD SALLY (British).—Gracie Fields comes up to town on a musical crusade, is mixed up with Sydney Howard, Morton Selten: Gaumont.

THE SPY IN BLACK (British).—Conrad Veidt, Sebastian Shaw, Valerie Hobson in some dirty work in the Orkneys: Odeon.

TARZAN FINDS A SON (American).—Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan have different ideas about educating a jungle foundling: Empire.

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP.—Deanna Durbin and her friends get mixed up with love, singing charmingly the while: Tivoli.

UN DE LA LÉGION (French).—Fernandel in a comedy of Foreign Legion life: Curzon.

BALLET

RAM GOPAL.—The Hindu dancer, with his company of dancers and musicians, gives a season of classical Indian dances: Aldwych, 8.45. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

MUSIC

THE PROMS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra at the Queen's Hall, nightly at 8.

OPENING CONCERT.—Seven soloists in an Elgar, Handel, Rachmaninoff, Delius, Verdi, Kodály, Vivaldi, Wagner programme: Sat., 12th.

WAGNER CONCERT.—Three soloists in excerpts from the operas: Mon., 14th.

SCHUBERT-LISZT CONCERT.—Schubert's Rosamunde overture, Ninth Symphony, Lieder (Tauber); Liszt's piano concerto in A (Kentner); also Mozart, Butterworth, Weber, Dvorak: Tues., 15th.

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Catherine Bell

The Hon. Griselda Eden

Griselda Rosalind Eden, second daughter of Lord and Lady Henley, of Watford Court, Rugby, is engaged to John Buckman, son of the late J. Buckman and Mrs. Buckman, of 21a, Parkholme Road, E.8

Harlip

Frederica Mary Montagu

Frederica Mary Montagu is the only child of Capt. and Mrs. G. F. Weld Blundell, of Ince Blundell Hall, Lancashire; she is to marry Flying Officer Richard Lister Robinson, only son of Sir Roy Lister-Robinson, D.S.O., and Lady Robinson, of 57, Sloane Gardens, S.W.

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Myrtle Byng

Is the only child of the late Major the Hon. Lionel Byng and Lady Eleanor Byng, and is to marry Evelyn Gardiner, son of the late Rev. J. E. Gardiner and Mrs. Gardiner, of Torwood, Fittleworth, Pulborough, Sussex

Cannons of Holiywood

Pamela Stephanie Curzon

Is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frank Curzon, lives at 1, King's Gardens, Hove; her fiancé is Thomas Hugh Farmiloe, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Farmiloe, of Purley Park, Berks., and 73, Westminster Gardens, S.W.1

Kay Vaughan

Barbara Bannatyne

Is the daughter of Major-General and Mrs. W. C. Bannatyne, of Simla, New Delhi, India; her fiancé is Flt. Lt. Christopher L. Y. Wright, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Wright, of Brunswick, Ceylon, and Storrington, Sussex

Sloan — Murray-Bisset

Ian Perston Sloan, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Perston Sloan, of Dalmuir, Helensburgh, and Ardvreck, Crieff, and Kathleen Helen Murray Bisset, eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. T. Murray Bisset, of Lessendrum, Drumblade, Aberdeenshire, were married at Drumblade Church

Whitaker — Haslet

It was a Chelsea Old Church wedding between G. E. D. Whitaker, eldest son of the late George Whitaker, of Merivale, Charlton King's, Cheltenham, and Mary Haslet, daughter of Mrs. T. H. Moore, of Leighbrook, Wimborne, Dorset

Rhys Jones — Carr

Sq. Leader John Rhys Jones, R.A.F., only son of the late Captain Percy Jones, and of Mrs. Jones; of 10, Palace Mansions, W., and Mary Carr, daughter of the late John Carr, and Mrs. Carr, of Nutbourne Manor, Pulborough, Sussex, were married at St. James's, Piccadilly

Fisher — Naylor

Anthony George Anson Fisher, of 49, Chesterfield House, W., elder son of the late Capt. and Mrs. G. K. T. Fisher, of Ashdown Park, Forest Row, and Eve Lillian Naylor, daughter of the late Com. C. G. Naylor, R.N., and Mrs. H. P. Green, of Queen's Hill, Ascot, Berks, were married at Sunninghill Church

Graham — Vinson

Capt. R. H. N. Graham, the West Yorkshire Regt., only son of the late Capt. D. N. Graham and Mrs. Graham, of the Firs, Haslemere, married Mildred Vinson at All Souls', Langham Place. She is the younger daughter of the late W. N. Vinson, and Mrs. Lyde, of Holly Croft, Coleman's Hatch, Sussex

Sandwith — Wilberforce

Princess Marie Louise went to the wedding, at St. Saviour's, Walton Street, of the Rev. John Fleming Sandwith, son of the late Dr. Fleming Sandwith, and Mrs. Sandwith, of Shelley Court, Tite Street, S.W.3, and Judith Monica Wilberforce, second daughter of Sir Herbert Wilberforce, of 2, York House, Church Street, W.8, and the late Lady Wilberforce

Howard — Pomphrett

It was a Brompton Oratory wedding between Anthony Eliot Howard and Irene Pomphrett. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Eliot Howard, of 32, Brompton Square, S.W.; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pomphrett, of Bishop's Stortford

Kerr — Nangle

Andrew Kerr, a chartered accountant in Johannesburg, son of Capt. and Mrs. Mark, Kerr, of Carpenters, Norton-sub-Hamdon, Somerset, and Ismay Nangle, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. H. Nangle, of 79D, Harcourt Terrace, S.W., were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Brunyate — Temple

John Waddington Brunyate is the youngest son of Sir James and Lady Brunyate, of Little Ferriby, Goring-on-Thames. Margaret Powys Temple is the daughter of the late Capt. Hilliard Temple, and Mrs. Temple, of Green Court, Goring. They were married at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens

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